THE LAND WE LOVE.

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GEN. BEAUREGARD'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF DRURY'S BLUFF.

HEAD QUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
SWIFT CREEK, VA., JUNE 10TH, 1864.
GEN. SAM'L. COOPER,
A. & I. G., C. S. A.,
Richmond, Va.

GENERAL:

While we were hurriedly assembling by fragments, an army, weak in numbers and wanting the cohesive force of previous organization and association, the enemy operating from his fortified base at Bermuda Hundreds' Neck, had destroyed much of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, and occupied the main line of communication Southward, and menaced its river gate (Drury's Bluff) and South-side land defences, with a formidable army and fleet.

In these conditions, the possession of our line of communication Southward, became the main point of contest.

To wrest it from the enemy, I selected a course which promised the most fertile results, that of capturing or destroying his army, in its actual position, after cutting him off from his base of operations; or failing in this, of depriving him of future power to control or obstruct our communications, by driving him before our front and locking him up in his fortified camp at Bermuda Hundreds' Neck.

Our army was organized into three Divisions, right, left and reserve, under Major Generals Hoke and Ransom, and Brigadier General Colquitt.

The general direction of the roads and adjacent river, was North and South, the general alignment of the armies, East and West.

Our left wing (Ransom) lay behind the trenches on Kings'-land creek, which runs an Easterly course, not far in front of Drury's Bluff.

Our right wing (Hoke) occupied the intermediate line of fortifications from Fort Stevens, crossing the turnpike to the railroad.

Colquitt's reserve, in rear of Hoke, centered at the turnpike. The cavalry were posted on our flank, and in reserve, and the artillery distributed among the divisions.

A column from Petersburg, under Major General Whiting had been directed to proceed to Swift creek, on the turnpike, over three miles from Petersburg, and nine from my lines, and was under orders to advance, at day break, to Port Walthall Junction, three miles nearer.

The line of the enemy's forces under Butler, comprising the corps of Gillmore and W. F. Smith (10th and 18th) was generally parallel to our intermediate line of works, somewhat curved, concentric and exterior to our own. They held our own outer line of works, crossing the turnpike half a mile in our front. Their line of breastworks and entrenchments increased in strength Westward and Northward: its right, and weakest point, was in the edge of Wm. Gregory's woods, about half a mile West of James river.

The line of hostile breastworks from their right flank continued Westwardly, intersecting the turnpike near our outer line of fortifications.

Near this point of intersection, at Charles Friend's farm, was advantageously posted a force of the enemy throughout the day's struggle, and here are said to have been the Headquarters of Generals Butler and Smith.

Butler's lines thence, following partly the course of our outer works, crossed them, and run Westwardly, through fields and woods, until after crossing the railroad, his extreme left inclined to the North. With the foregoing data, I determined upon the following plan: That our left wing, turned and hurled upon Butler's weak right, should, with crushing force, double it back on its centre, thus interposing an Easterly barrier between Butler and his base; that our right wing should simultaneously with its skirmishers and and afterwards in force as soon as the left became fully engaged, advance and occupy the enemy to prevent his re-inforcing his right, and thus check him in front, without, however, prematurely seeking to force him far back, before our left could completely out-flank, and our Petersburg column close upon his rear; and finally that the Petersburg column, marching to the sound of heaviest firing, should interpose a Southern barrier to his retreat.

Butler thus environed by three lines of fire, could have, with his defeated troops, no resource against capture or destruction, except in an attempt at partial and hazardous escape Westward, away from his base, trains or supplies.

Two difficulties, alone, might impede or defeat the success of my plan. One was a possible and effective resistance by the enemy, in virtue of his superior numbers. Another, probably a graver one, existed as to the efficient, rapid handling of a fragmentary army like ours, hastily assembled and organized, half the brigades without general officers, some of the troops unacquainted with their commanders and neighbors, staff-

officers unknown to each other, &c. The moral force which derived from the unity, which springs from old association was entirely wanting, and from this cause, generally so productive of confusion and entanglement, great inconvenience arose.

On the other hand, I reckoned on the advantages of being all in readiness at day break, with short distances over which to operate, a long day before me to manœuvre in; plain, direct routes, and simplicity in the movements to be executed.

Accordingly, at 10.45 a. m., on the 15th of May, preparatory information and orders were forwarded to Major General Whiting, then at Petersburg, 12 miles from me, to move with his force to Swift creek, three miles nearer, during the night, and at daybreak next morning to proceed to Port Walthall Junction, about three miles nearer. These instructions were duly received by that officer and were as follows:

"I shall attack enemy in my front, to-morrow, at day-break, by River road, to cut him off from his Bermuda base. You will take up your position, to-night, at Swift creek, with Wise's, Martin's, Dearing's, and two regiments of Colquitt's, brigades, with about twenty field pieces, under Colonel Jones. At daybreak, you will march to Port Walthall Junction, and when you hear an engagement in your front, you will advance boldly and rapidly, by the shortest road, in the direction of heaviest firing, to attack enemy in rear or flank. You will protect your advance and flanks with Dearing's cavalry, taking necessary precautions to distinguish friends from foes.

Please communicate this to Gen. Hill."

"This revokes all former orders of movements."

[Signed] G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

P. S. "I have just received a telegram from General Bragg, informing me that he has sent you orders to join me at this place. You need not do so, but follow, to the letter, the above instructions."

[Signed] G. T. B.

In the early afternoon, I delivered, in person, to the other Division Commanders, the following Circular Instructions of Battle with additional oral instructions to Major General Ransom, that while driving the enemy, he should promptly occupy, with a brigade, the crossing of Proctor's creek, by the River road, which was the enemy's shortest line of retreat to Bermuda Hundred's Neck:

CIRCULAR TO DIVISION COMMANDERS.
HEAD QR'S. DEPT. N. C., S. C., VA.,
DRURY'S FARM, MAY 15TH, 1864.

GENERAL:

"The following instructions for battle, to-morrow, are communicated for your information and action."

"The purpose of the movement is to cut off the enemy from his base of operations at Bermuda Hundreds, and capture or destroy him in his present position. To this end, we shall attack and turn, by the River road, his right flank, now resting on James river

whilst his center and left flank are kept engaged, to prevent him from re-enforcing his right flank.

"Major General Ransom's division will, to-night take position, the most favorable for attack, on the enemy's right flank, to be made by him at day-break to-morrow morning. His skirmishers will drive back vigorously those of the enemy, in his front, and will be followed closely by his line of battle, which will, at the proper time, pivot on its right flank, so as to take the enemy in flank and rear. He will form in two lines of battle, and will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage.

"Col. Dunnovant's regiment of cavalry will move with this division, under the direction of Gen. Ransom."

Major General Hoke's division, now in the trenches, on the right of the position herein assigned to General Ransom, will, at daylight engage the enemy with a heavy line of skirmishes, and will hold the rest of his forces in hand, ready to attack with vigor the enemy's line in his front, as soon as he shall find it wavering before his skirmishers, or as soon as Ransom's line of battle shall have become fairly engaged with the enemy. General Hoke will form in two lines of battle, four hundred yards apart, in front of his trenches, at the proper time, and in such manner as not to delay his forward movement. He will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage.

"Colonel Baker's regiment of cavalry will move in conjunction with Hoke's division, so as to protect his right flank. He will receive more definite instructions from Major General Hoke. Col. Shingler's regiment of cavalry will move with the reserve division.

"The division commanded by Brigadier General Colquitt will constitute the reserve, and will, to-night, form in column, by brigades, in rear of Hoke's present position, the centre of each brigade resting on the turnpike. The division will be massed under cover of the hill now occupied by Hoke's troops, so as to be sheltered, at the outset, from the enemy's fire in front. During the movement, the head of the reserve column will be kept at a distance of about five hundred yards from Hoke's second line of battle. As soon as practicable, the intervals between the brigades of the reserve division will be maintained at from two to three hundred yards.

"The reserve artillery, under General Colquitt, will follow along the turnpike, about three hundred yards in rear of the last brigade. He will use it to the best advantage. Simultaneously with these movements, Major General Whiting will move with his division from Petersburg along the Petersburg and Richmond turnpike, and attack the enemy in flank and rear.

"The movement above indicated must be made with all possible vigor and celerity.

"The generals commanding divisions, and Colonels Baker and Shingler, commanding cavalry will report at these Headquarters at 6 p. m., to-day. In the meantime, they will give all necessary instructions for providing their respective commands with sixty

rounds of ammunition issued to each man, and at least twenty rounds for each in reserve. They will cause their commands to be supplied with two days' cooked rations."

[Signed] G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

Ransom moved at 4.45 a. m., being somewhat delayed by a dense fog which lasted several hours after dawn, and occasioned some embarrassment. His division consisted of the following brigades in the order mentioned, commencing from the left: Gracie's, Kemper's, (commanded by Colonel Terry) Barton's (under Colonel Fry) and Colonel Lewis' (Hoke's old brigade.)

He was soon engaged, carrying at 6 a. m., with some loss, the enemy's line of breastworks in his front, his troops moving splendidly forward to the assault, capturing five stands of colors and some five hundred prisoners.—The brigades most heavily engaged were Gracie's and Kemper's, opposed to the enemy's right, the former turning his flank. General Ransom then halted to form, reported his loss heavy, and troops scattered by the fog, his ammunition short, and asked for a brigade from the reserve. Colquitt's brigade was sent him at 6.30 a. m., with orders for its return when it ceased to be indispensable.

Before either ammunition or the reserve brigade had arrived, he reported the enemy driving Hoke's left, and sent the right regiment of Lewis' brigade forward at double quick towards the point of supposed danger. This held the enemy long enough for the reserve brigade to arrive, charge and drive him back from the front of our left centre, (where the affair occurred,) over and along the works, to the turnpike.

It will be seen, in a subsequent part of this report, that one of Hagood's advance regiments had unexpectedly come in contact with the enemy, and had been ordered back, it not being contemplated to press, at this point, until Ransom should swing around his left as directed in the battle-order.—This, possibly, originated Ransom's impression as to the situation of Hoke's left, which had, in fact, steadily maintained its proper position.

At 7.15 a. m., Colquitt's brigade of the reserve, was re-called from Ransom, and a slight modification of the original movement was made to relieve Hoke, on whose front the enemy had been allowed to mass his forces, by the inaction of the left.

Ransom was ordered to flank the enemy's right by changing the front of his right brigade, supported by another in echelon—to advance a third towards Proctor's creek, and to hold a fourth in reserve. This modification was intended to be temporary, and the original plan was to be fully carried out, on the seizure of the River road and Proctor's creek crossing.

In proceeding to execute this order, Ransom found the reserve brigade engaged, and his own troops moving by the right flank towards the firing at the centre. He therefore sent Barton's brigade back, instead of Colquitt's, and

reported a necessity to straighten and reform his lines in the old position, near the lines he had stormed. Here his infantry rested during the greater part of the day—Dunnovant's cavalry dismounted, being thrown forward, as skirmishers, towards a small force which occupied a ridge, in the edge of George Gregory's woods, North of Proctor's neck. This force of the enemy with an insignificant body of cavalry (believed to be negroes) and a report of some gunboats, coming up the river were the only menace to our left.

At 10 a. m., I withheld an order for Ransom to move until further developments should be made for the following reasons:

The right was heavily engaged—all of the reserve had been detached, right and left, at different times—the silence of Whiting's guns, which had been heard a short time about 8 a. m., gave reasonable hope that the had met no resistance and would soon be engaged—a dispatch had been sent him at 9 a. m., which was repeated at 9.30 a. m., to "press on and press over everything in your front, and the day will be complete;" Ransom, moreover, not only reported the enemy in strong force in his front, but expressed the opinion that the safety of his command would be compromised by an advance.

On the right, Hoke had early advanced his skirmishers and opened with his artillery. The fog and other causes temporarily delayed the advance of his line of battle; when he finally moved forward, he soon became hotly engaged and handled his command with judgment and energy.

Hagood and Johnson were thrown forward by him with a section of Eschelman's Washington Artillery, and found a heavy force of the enemy, with six or eight pieces of artillery, occupying the salient of the outer line of works on the turnpike and his own defensive lines.

Our artillery engaged at very short range, disabling some of the enemy's guns and blowing up two limbers. Another section of the same command opened from the right of the turnpike. They both held their positions, though with heavy loss, until their ammunition was spent, when they were relieved by an equal number of pieces from the reserve artillery under Major Owens. Hagood with great vigor and dash, drove the enemy from the outer lines in his front, capturing a number of prisoners and, in conjunction with Johnson, five pieces of artillery—three 20 pounder Parrots and two fine Napoleons. He then took position in the works, his left regiment being thrown forward by Hoke to connect with Ransom's right. In advancing, this regiment encountered the enemy behind a second line of works in the woods, with abattis interlaced with wire; an attack at that point not being contemplated, it was ordered back to the line of battle, but not before its intrepid advance had caused it to sustain considerable loss. This circumstance has been referred to before, as the occasion of a mistake by Ransom.

Johnson, meanwhile, had been

heavily engaged. The line of the enemy bent around his right flank, subjecting his brigade, for a time, to fire in flank and front. With admirable firmness he repulsed frequent assaults of the enemy, moving in masses against his right and rear. Leader, officers and men alike displayed their fitness for the trial to which they were subjected. Among many instances of heroism, I cannot forbear to mention that of Lieutenant Waggoner, of the 17th Tennessee regiment, who went alone, through a storm of fire, and pulled down a white flag which a small, isolated body of our men had raised, receiving a wound in the act. The brigade holding its ground nobly, lost more than a fourth of its entire number. Two regiments of the reserve were sent up to its support, but were less effective than they should have been, through a mistake of the officer posting them. Hoke also sent two regiments from Clingman to protect Johnson's flank; but through a similar error they were posted in the woods where the moral and material effect of their presence was lost.

I now ordered Hoke to press forward his right for the relief of his right centre, and he advanced Clingman with his remaining regiments, and Corse with his brigade.

He drove the enemy with spirit, suffering some loss; but the gap between Clingman and the troops on his left induced him to retire his command, to prevent being flanked, and re-form it in the intermediate lines. Thus Corse became isolated, and learning from his officers that masses were forming against his right flank, he withdrew some distance back, but not as far as his original position.

These two brigades were not afterwards engaged, though they went to the front; Corse about one hour after he fell back, and Clingman at about 2.15 p. m. The enemy did not re-occupy the ground from which he was driven before they retired.

In front of Hagood and Johnson the fighting was stubborn and prolonged. The enemy slowly retiring from Johnson's right, took a strong position on the ridge in front of Proctor's creek, massing near the turnpike, and occupying advantageous ground at the house and grove of Charles Friend.

At length Johnson having brushed the enemy from his right flank in the woods, with some assistance from the Washington Artillery, and cleared his front, rested his troops in the shelter of the outer works.

One of the captured pieces having opened on the enemy's masses, he finally fell back behind the woods and ridge at Proctor's creek, though his skirmish line continued the engagement some hours longer.

Further movements were here suspended to await communication from Whiting, or the sound of his approach, and to re-organize the troops which had become more or less disorganized. Brief firing at about 1.45 p. m., gave some hope of his proximity.

I waited in vain. The firing heard was probably an encounter between Dearing and the enemy's

rear guard. Dearing had been ordered by Whiting to communicate with me, but unsupported as he was by infantry or artillery, he was unable to do so, except by sending a detachment by a circuitous route, which reached me after the work of the day was closed.

At 4 p. m., all hope of Whiting's approach was gone, and I reluctantly abandoned so much of my plan as contemplated more than a vigorous pursuit of Butler, and driving him to his fortified base.

To effect this I resumed my original formation, and directed General Hoke to send two brigades forward along the Court House road to take the enemy in flank and establish enfilading batteries in front of the heights west of the railroad. The formation of our line was checked by a heavy and prolonged storm of rain. Meanwhile the enemy opened a severe fire which was soon silenced by our artillery.

Before we were ready to advance, darkness approached, and upon consultation with several of my subordinate commanders, it was deemed imprudent to attack, considering the probability of serious obstacles and the proximity of Butler's entrenched camp. I therefore put the army in position for the night, and sent instructions to Whiting to join our right, at the railroad, in the morning.

During the night the enemy retired to the fortified line of his present camp, leaving in our hands some fourteen hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery and five stands of colors. He now rests there, hemmed by our lines, which have since, from time to time, been advanced after every skirmish, and now completely cover the Southern communications of the capital, thus securing one of the principal objects of the attack. The more glorious results anticipated were lost by the hesitation of the left wing, and the premature halt of the Petersburg column, before obstacles in neither case sufficient to have deterred from the execution of the movements prescribed.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the officers and men, who fought the Battle of Drury's Bluff, for the order and intrepidity displayed by them, whenever called upon to meet the foe, regardless of his advantage in number and position. I shall take pleasure in presenting the names of those who most distinguished themselves, as soon as the detailed Reports of subordinate commanders shall have been received at these Headquarters.

The same opportunity will be taken to mention the names and services of those members of my personal and general Staff who were present during that battle, and of those officers who, belonging to other commands, kindly volunteered their services on that occasion. The intelligent zeal and activity of all these officers in transmitting orders and conveying information from one portion of the field to the other, contributed largely to the success of the day.

Respectfully,

Your ob't. serv't,

[Signed] G. T. BEAUREGARD,

General.

SPRING.

O! come, Sweet Virgin Daughter of the Year!
Bound o'er the mead with apron full of flowers!
Come start the blood of Nature—let us hear
Thy voice in birds and feel thy touch in showers!
Come with a gush of sunlight and of song!
Borne on the Southwind's balmy breath along,
Leave Georgia's sweet peach-blooming vales and bowers,
And come, Sweet Virgin, come!

Come ravishing the tender-folded, downy buds
In deep, sequestered vale, and hollow dell,
With thy impregning breath, and make the floods
Unclasp themselves in soft-relaxing swell!
O! come sweet Dillettante,—with thy brush
Painting the rosy fervor of a blush
Upon the sky, and maiden's cheeks as well—
O! come, Sweet Virgin, come!

Come o'er the mountain-tops with em'rald shoon,
And make a prism round the dripping rock!
Lay on the sky the crescent of the April moon,
And on the smiling plain the increase of the flock!
Come with thy golden locks all wet with dew,
And heaven soft mirrored in thine eyes of blue!
Come with the flower-harvest on thy cheek—
O! come Sweet Virgin, come!

DOWN INTO DEVONSHIRE.

The title of this paper is not to be considered as indicating that idle fancy for alliteration exhibited on such title-pages of books of travel as "From Piccadilly to Pera," or "From Mayfair to Marathon." A journey *from* London in any direction, to any part of the island, is a *down* journey. A journey *to* London from whatever quarter is of necessity an *up* journey. The people who live on the top of the Malvern Hills, or the Yorkshire Wolds, when they go to the Metropolis, go *up* to London, and in like manner, the Londoner would speak of going *down* to the Gram-

pians, or, for the matter of that, *down* to the summit of Helvellyn itself. *"Down into Devonshire" may be taken, therefore, as a natural and proper caption for a chapter descriptive of a jaunt made from London into that beautiful country of the South Coast. Beautiful it was even in the light of a wintry day, as the Express train from London, bearing a throng of holiday pleasure-seekers for the Christmas week, after skirting at a few miles distance the historic plain of Stonehenge, and whirling past the mellow-tinted, lofty-spired Cathedral of Salisbury, entered at Axminster pastures as rich and soft as its carpets, and came to rest at the neat little station, on the edge of the neat little country town, of Honiton.

Nine out of ten of my fair readers know Honiton for its laces, or rather know and prize (more or less) the laces that are made at Honiton, and there are many, perhaps, that will share in my astonishment at discovering that it was an English, and not a French or Belgian, town, as I had somehow vaguely and ignorantly fancied; though possibly they will hesitate to admit the geographical misconception, and assume that they had all along known the Honiton lace to be English lace; of course, they knew it. On mentioning the matter to an English friend, I learned that even at home many well-informed people were equally at fault with regard to Honiton as a country-town of Great Britain with myself; and I was told of one lady who was so much annoyed at being disabused of her impression that its laces were of foreign manufacture, that she declared she would never wear a thread of them again. The town itself is altogether disproportioned to the celebrity its fabrics have given it, consisting of a line of houses on either side of the road, all up and down hill, with the hedge-rows extending to the very point where the highway becomes a street, and commencing again where it resumes it character as a highway, the houses of respectable age, but exceedingly clean and bright, contrasted with dingy London, rows of shops with two or three old-fashioned inns, and the post office, and the parish church—the whole looking as if it had been quite finished some years ago, and as if it were quite satisfied with itself, and did not care for any change soever in its size or general condition. In one little respect it has reason for its evident self-complacency. With a population of thirty-five hundred, it sends two members to Parliament, and has therefore, the same weight in the national legislature as the great city of Liverpool with it gigantic corporations and its five hundred thousand souls; an inequality of rep-

* The Story is told of the popular preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon, that in one of his discourses he likened the heavenly pilgrimage to a journey by the railway, and warned his unregenerate hearers lest, when they should present themselves at the station for seats in the last celestial train, they might be excluded with the rebuke—"Friend, this is not an *up* ticket, it is a *down* ticket." The preacher would seem, in his own mind, in the antithesis he makes of the rural districts and the Metropolis, to have reversed Cowper's notion that "God made the country and man made the town."

resentation which the friends of Reform are just now pointing out as a monstrous injustice that cries aloud for a remedy. It is not to be supposed, however, that should the town lose one of its members upon a re-distribution of seats, or even should it be merged altogether in some larger constituency, the interests of its lace-makers will be greatly compromised to the advantage of Valenciennes or Malines, and certainly the success of a Reform Bill can never rob it of free nature's grace, "or mar its picturesqueness hid among the green Devonshire hills."

From Honiton to Sidmouth, which latter town was the point of my destination, the distance is nine miles. The public conveyance is a vehicle, which, being neither omnibus nor stage-coach, partakes of the character of both, the inside seats being arranged longitudinally, like the omnibus, and there being seats on the roof behind the driver corresponding to those of the old-fashioned English stage-coach. Ordinarily, this vehicle more than fulfils the wants of the traveling public between the two places, but on the occasion of my journey, there were many more persons desiring to be taken to Sidmouth than it could possibly accommodate.—Two seats next the driver had been specially reserved, while the railway porters were piling the baggage on top at the station, for no fewer than six gentlemen, which led to very grave complications of disputed possession, but after three quarters of an hour of grumbling, and stowing away portmanteaus, and anxious inquiry concerning missing traveling bags, sixteen passengers were disposed of, inside and outside the conveyance, and rattling rapidly through the Honiton High Street we soon began slowly to ascend a long hill, where, from many successive sweeps of the road, there was afforded a pretty view of the valley and the town below us.

Darkness had come down before we commenced the descent on the other side, and we could see nothing, therefore, of what I afterwards thought one of the finest bits of scenery in all England. This is the narrow valley of the Sid, a stream insignificant in volume, (having at times scarcely water enough to slake the thirst of the sleek, patient Devon cattle that enjoy the highest phase of bovine existence in the lush grasses along its short course of four miles to the channel) but very bright and sparkling, and seeming to sing the refrain of the Laureat's song of "The Brook," as if this had been written for it, that "men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." The valley is nowhere more than half a mile in width, and terminates with the town of Sidmouth, built along the channel between two lofty hills. Seen from the highest point of the highway, six miles distant and perhaps 600 feet above the sea, the outline of the landscape, channel-wards, is peculiar, as presenting an arc of a circle in the curve of the land from peak to peak on either side of the town, with the blue expanse of the

ocean filling the intermediate space out to the level horizon. The waters seem held, as it were, in a cup, for the sea view is bounded by the hills on the right hand and on the left. From the sea-wall to the extreme point of view on a bright day, many miles of waves tumble in the sunshine, and the surface is flecked, and exquisitely varied in tint, with the shadows of passing clouds—the sky above the channel is rarely wholly cloudless—which come scudding in from the vext Atlantic or go sailing grandly over to France.

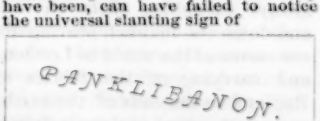
On arriving in Sidmouth, it was my good fortune *not* to realize the truth of Shenstone's line of finding one's "warmest welcome in an inn," for I was most hospitably received within a charming cottage home, half concealed by thickets of laurel and rhododendron upon the verge of the town. May I not say, without abusing this hospitality, that I found the social aspects of Sidmouth, as therein presented, much the same that one always sees among cultivated people in a small town the world over? The parochial gossip about Miss Araminta's new bonnet and Miss Amanda's engagement—the long match at backgammon between the dear old gentleman of the family and his next door neighbor, commenced several months ago, and played every afternoon from four to six—the tea-table criticism of the magazines and illustrated papers from London, wherein Mr. Anthony Trollope is duly censured for not making up his heroine's mind as to which of her two lovers she will accept—the rubber of whist in the corner from which every now and then we catch the voice of remonstrance at revokes—the infinite complexities of worsted in the taper fingers that are working it into endless hoods, fire-screens, jackets, afghans and what-nots—the private theatricals that are to come off next week for a village charity—the sermon of the new preacher last Sunday: are not all these familiar to us in America, and are they any more characteristic of a town in Devonshire than of a town, let us say, in Delaware? What I saw peculiar to England and English life was rather out of doors than within, and something of this belonged to the season and its ancient customs. For example, the mummers. A dozen little urchins dressed in the most preposterous manner come at night-fall around the house, and outrage the dramatic unities on the lawn in the recital of a masque, in which Cœur de Lion runs his tin sword through the first Emperor Napoleon, and Lord Nelson smites Marc Antony who expires in the arms, not of Cleopatra, but of Punchinello, while the Queen of Sheba in crinoline executes a *pas seul*, after which the mighty Corsican and the great Roman triumvir carry round their caps for pennies, and the histrionic corps troop away to rehearse their stories to another audience. And then come the Waits, a melancholy band of music enough, that blow their discordant blare of horns and depart. It is in the country only that these antique observances linger, and even in

the country they are likely to linger not long. The Christmas mumming and music of the cities are done in the pantomime.

There is a look about all provincial towns in England characteristically and unmistakably English. No American suddenly whisked into one of them from his own shores could fail to perceive that the general aspect of the place was unfamiliar to him. He would read the same names, likely enough on the signs of the English town that are over the shops (or stores) of his native place. There is Smith, the livery stable keeper, and Jones, the seller of hardware, and Brown, the apothecary, and there is the same air of lounging listlessness and idle vacuity in the men that hang around the stables, the same show of pans and kettles at the door of the hardware dealer, the same array of gallipots and globes of green and red water in the windows of the apothecary, that he has been accustomed to from childhood. But the apothecary is called a chymist, and the hardware dealer an ironmonger and the keeper of the livery-stable a *post-master*!* Moreover, the provincial towns all seem, as has been already mentioned of Honiton, (the manufacturing towns only excepted) to be quite completed and to be altogether content at being so. Not a brick is out of its place, there is no improvement going on, because there is nothing to be improved, (actually or in the opinion of the inhabitants) and one feels that to-day is but a repetition of the same day of the year any time in the reign of George II., due allowance being had for the changes of costume and conventionality.

One marked point of difference between the country towns of England and America is greatly in favor of England as affecting the sense of beauty, while another seriously mars the general effect of the English town. In this quiet, quaint, comfortable little Sidmouth, the smooth, well-kept roads, winding in graceful curves, here giving just a glimpse of a cottage at a turn two hundred yards off, and there sweeping away to cross the brawling Sid by a bridge of stone, are surely far prettier than the long rectilinear streets of American villages. But the high brick walls that run from one end of the island to the other, excluding from the view of the traveler on the highway, lawn and terrace and ancient mansion, are doubly distasteful, as objects ugly in

* A great rage prevails in London for giving magnificent names to trades, and special departments of business enterprise—names derived chiefly from the Greek. No foreigner visiting England during the past two years, in whatever part of the island he may have been, can have failed to notice the universal slanting sign of



which is displayed in every railway of the United Kingdom. "Panklibanon" is the Greek for "all iron," *pas, pasa, pan*, all, and *Klibanos*, iron, and the ubiquitous Sign refers to an iron-furnishing establishment in Baker street, next door to Madame Tussaud's Wax-Works. There are even so many "Pantechnicons" for the storage of bulky articles. A carrier of household goods on railway seeks, through *Notes and Queries* to know whether he shall call himself "ecoscuephoron," "ecoscuephoros" or "ecoscuepheron."

themselves, and annoying for what they conceal. Why, having built a fine house, or having inherited and restored a many-gabled edifice with Elizabethan windows, and ornamented the grounds around it, the English gentleman should wish to shut out his abode from the sight of men is not at first altogether comprehensible.—An iron railing, one might suppose, would as effectually guard him against intrusion as a 15 foot blank wall, but then an iron railing would permit other people to enjoy at a distance, something of the beauty of the place, and the English gentleman desires to keep it all to himself. Personal isolation as opposed to companionship is his characteristic. He is constantly building up moral and social brick walls around his individuality. He probably loves his neighbor as well as most other people, but the scriptural injunction does not seem to him to involve the necessity of his neighbor's acquaintance. To love your neighbor, it is not by any means required that you should know him, and the English gentleman would appear to act upon the belief that if he knew him better, he would probably love him less. But the brick walls around the Lodge, the Villa or the Park, whatever may be their social significance, are a great disfigurement to the rural and suburban landscapes of England. Perhaps, after all, the country would be too lovely without them.

The finest sight of Sidmouth is what it offers to the visitor in common with Dover and Hastings, and Brighton, and Torquay, indeed with all the towns lying on the channel—that majestic view of the sea, ever varying and yet, in a certain sense, ever the same, that boundless outlook over the waste by which all the bards from the Psalmist down to Mr. Tennyson have been moved to raptures. As for the sea itself, it affects the imagination in much the same way all round the world, but the tall cliffs and bold headlands of the channel impart additional grandeur to the general prospect along its margin, and make up a scene for Turner to paint and Ruskin to describe. A noble sea-wall called "The Esplanade," extends for a third of a mile upon the very border of the channel, from the hill on one side of the town to the hill on the other, affording a promenade for the citizens, and protecting them from the too fierce onset of the waves, which, during the winter months, driven before the south westerly gales, come thundering against the stone-work with a fury that would seem well nigh resistless.—No pier or jetty or breakwater extends out into the sea, for Sidmouth is not a seaport; there are only some dangerous breakers a few hundred yards from the shore, over which the sea lashes itself incessantly into foam, and the villagers are therefore never visited by the great ships that are always ploughing their way up and down the channel, bearing the commerce of the world to London, and carrying off the fabrics of England to the ends of the earth, except when one of these is driven upon the rocks, and goes hopelessly to pieces within almost a rope's

length of human habitations. At the time of my visit the channel was very unquiet, and raged violently upon the sands from day to day, seeming ever more angry and insolent in its advance, and dashing the spray, now and then, even into the faces of the pretty promenaders, who, with their fair hair blown about their blooming cheeks, and their skirts blown about their trim ankles, paced to and fro along the Esplanade, exactly, for all the world, as in John Leech's pictures. But the sea was not so rough as it had been a few weeks before. There still remained, at a short distance from the town, the fragment of a wreck over which the waves broke as if in a mad joy at the ruin they had wrought. In the latest tempest of the winter, while lives were being dashed about anywhere on the perilous coast of England, (it had been only a fortnight ago,) a gallant barque was hurled there upon the breakers, within sight of the homes of Sidmouth, fortunately in the broad light of day. The Coast Guard and the brave men of the National Life Boat Institution and all the citizens of the town hurried to the beach and the cliffs that towered above it, to lend their aid to the hapless mariners, or to watch in breathless suspense the result of the efforts to save them. It was indeed an awful moment, a trying *quart d'heure*, as the struggle went on for these poor creatures between human energy and courage and the pitiless elements, but, God be praised! the efforts in their behalf were successful, and the entire crew was safely brought to land. It was an Italian vessel, from Palermo or Leghorn, bound to London, and the sailors, who had not a word of English to express their thanks, poor fellows, to their human benefactors, fell, every man of them, upon his knees, there on the first bit of dry ground he touched, and inwardly expressed his gratitude to God. Whether honest Giacomo breathed his thanks—giving to the All-Father or to the Virgin or yet to one of the Saints is probably of little importance, but we do not wonder to be told that the sight was an impressive one to English Protestants, who might well doubt whether an English crew cast ashore upon a Roman Catholic strand would ever have thought of Heaven at all.

In the local book-shop of Sidmouth, I bought a little shilling guide to the town and neighborhood, which proved a most valuable Vade Mecum in my rambles thereafter. I was always delighted with "Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians" which volume is scarcely a burlesque after all. Does not every villager think his own village the most remarkable village in the two hemispheres? Is not the number much greater than is generally supposed of those who

—take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world!

I confess I think the weakness an amiable one, and that I was charmed to find that the genial author of the Guide to Sidmouth had been able to show that a Roman paved road existed indubitably in the neighborhood; that the geological formations

were rather more interesting than the general run, and dip, of stratifications; that a whale had certainly been seen some years ago off the Esplanade; that the mineral waters of the Sid valley upon analysis were discovered to contain ever so many carbonates and oxides, and that upon the whole, the climate was to be preferred to that of Italy. It was in the matter of its modern history, however, that the little book was most entertaining and displayed to best advantage the skill of the author. As Sidmouth has furnished no great novelist with the locality for his fictions and had no poet to sing the beauties of its sea and shore; as, in Cromwell's time, though many important events occurred in Devonshire, nothing extraordinary was done by Roundhead or Cavalier just at this particular spot; and as the only striking fact that can be recorded of it is that it belonged once to Ghida, mother of Harold, last of Saxon kings, which ownership was inconveniently long ago to excite any present interest of a lively nature, it was necessary to look to incidents nearer our own time for good working historic associations.—Happily these were not wanting, nor has the author failed to use them effectively.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

We learn from the Ouachita *Telegraph* that "the gross receipts at the New Orleans Custom House since the 1st of January 1866, resulting from the tax of two cents on cotton, up to the 30th of June 1866, and of three cents since that period, amounted on the 1st day of January 1867, to $1,331,808." This tax paid by the South, exceeds by more than a quarter of a million of dollars, the generous donation by Congress for Southern Relief.

Texas Boys.—You never catch Texas napping, where there is anything to be done. Even her boys are wide awake to the spirit of enterprise and industry. See what the Gonzales *Inquirer*, (always prompt to speak a word in good season) says about the Gonzales boys and the young men of the South in general.—*Natchitoches Times.*

"We have several times taken occasion to speak of the highly praiseworthy spirit of industry manifested by the young men of our town and country. A prominent mechanic told us a few days since that he had received about a dozen applications from boys, who wished to learn the carpenter's trade, and we know of a half dozen young men of our town who have recently set in to learn trades, while not a few have rented land and gone manfully to work to make crops.

This is the right spirit, and the example of the Gonzales' boys should be copied all over the South. Learn a trade—any respectable trade—and learn it well. The young man thus prepared to enter life has a better and more enduring capital, even if he has not a dollar besides, than his fellow, brought up in idleness and ignorance, who has a fortune left him. More than ever is it now necessary that every Southern boy should learn a trade—should take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and go at something."

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

Oh! a wonderful realm is home,
A place to memory dear,
A kingly crown, I'd gladly lay down,
To dwell in its humble sphere.

The queen in this kingdom so fair,
Is mother, a perfect saint,
With hair so grey, and a kindly way,
And her dress so neat and quaint.

Her scepter she sways with the hand
Of love, and her ministers three,
Of heavenly birth, sent down to earth
Are faith, hope, and charity.

Her palace is a simple cot,
In a vale by their care shut in,
From the weary cheat, of the world's deceit
And its blight of deadly sin.

Through this valley a river runs
That knows neither ebb, nor flow,
But ever the stream, slips by like a dream
To a haven of rest below.

The name of the harbor is heaven
The name of the valley, peace,
The river of love has its source above
Where angels their songs never cease.

Butler, of Massachusetts, voted fifty-four times in succession, in the National Democratic Convention of 1860, for the nomination of Jefferson Davis for the Presidency.

Brownlow carried on a two weeks discussion, in Philadelphia, and wrote a book, to prove that slavery was a divine institution and that abolitionists were worse than infidels.

Hamilton, of Texas, presided at a public meeting in Galveston that presented Preston Brooks a cane for chastising Sumner.

Holden declared, in 1856, that the election of Fremont would be a sufficient cause for the dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Pool was a Confederate elector and sought the position of Brigadier General in the Confederate army.

Raleigh Sentinel.

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.

The seizure of Namur citadel was a false step on the part of Don John. There can be but little doubt that, as the representative of the King, he had the right to possess himself of any place within the limits of the Provinces. But the circumstances, under which the seizure was made, were calculated to excite the suspicions and inflame the resentment of the Estates. Without warning, the Governor had left the Capital, and more like an enemy than its rightful Lord, had, with drawn sword, taken possession of one of the fortresses of the country.—True, Don John seemed even now desirous to avert the calamities of war. Soon after his arrival at Namur, he dispatched a letter to the Estates, reciting his reasons for the strange step he had taken, and calling on them to ferret out the conspirators against his life and liberty, and bring them to condign punishment. The States replied with many protestations of fidelity to his Majesty and the Catholic religion, and signified their willingness, if Don John would point them out, to bring the offenders to justice. But nothing came of these negotiations. While they were yet pending, an abortive attempt of the Governor to secure the citadel of Antwerp, and some intercepted letters, proving that he was tampering with the German mercenaries, with a view to retain them in the country, put an end to all hope of a peaceful accommodation.—Watching with silent sagacity the course of events in the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange was not slow to take advantage of the repeated mistakes made by his adversary. After the failure of the attempt upon Antwerp Citadel, the influence of his councils became altogether in the ascendant. By invitation of the Estates, he visited Brussels itself and was received with every demonstration of affection and veneration. Beyond question, one of the most eloquent men of his day, the Prince seems to have understood the rare secret of holding his tongue when it was better to say nothing. Hence his soubriquet of William the Silent. The time had now come for him to speak, and he spoke accordingly, to some purpose. By his persuasion, the Estates demanded of Don John, as a preliminary step to the restoration of his authority, first, that he should maintain the Ghent Treaty and Perpetual Edict, secondly, that he should give up Namur Castle, and thirdly, that he should at once dismiss the German mercenaries. Other conditions were added, less important it is true, but from a Spanish stand-point in the last degree, irritating and insolent.—Never was victorious Crusader so braved by Infied before! The terms proposed, were, in fact, tantamount to a declaration of war. With secret joy, Don John saw that the day of negotiation was gone by, and that the sword must now decide the controversy. His Majesty, he declared, had at

last commissioned him to make war upon these rebellious Provinces and he would do so with all his heart. An army, formidable in numbers and still more so from valor and discipline, was rapidly collecting under his banner.—Mansfield brought a considerable body of troops from France, and the afterwards famous Alexander of Parma arrived soon after with several choice regiments from Italy and Spain. The latter found his old play-fellow worn with the cares and anxieties of his post, but the ghost of his former self. But like the war-horse of Scripture that snuffeth the battle afar off and saith among the trumpets ha, ha, something of Don John's old fire and energy began to revive amid the clash of arms. His army numbered about twenty thousand fighting men; troops trained in the school of those warriors, who had carried the terror of the Spanish arms to the heart of the New World and more than once had smitten to the dust the power of the great monarchy of France. The army of the Estates was equal in numbers, but in scarcely anything else besides. Above all, it was commanded by second-rate, or by raw and inexperienced, officers. It had been the original intention of the patriots, to attack Don John in Namur, but learning that he purposed himself to advance, their officers determined to fall back on Gemblours, which was nine miles distant from that city. The retreat began on the last day of January, 1598. At early dawn, the Spaniards broke up their camp and began the pursuit. Above their heads streamed the cross emblazoned banner of their victorious leader, with its memorable inscription, "In hoc signo vici Turcos, in hoc hæreticos vincari." Late in the day, the vanguard of the Spaniards came in sight of the rear of the retreating army. Don John at once detailed a body of six hundred chosen troopers and a thousand infantry, with orders to occupy the enemy, until the main body under himself and Alexander of Parma should arrive. A spirited attack was at once begun upon the retreating Netherlanders, in the course of which the Prince of Parma rode up to reconnoitre. The army of the Estates was at this moment, proceeding along the borders of a deep ravine, filled with mire and water, and as broad and more dangerous than a river. Parma noticed the wavering of their spears as the columns passed hurriedly and confusedly forward and with the intuition of genius, saw that the hour was come for striking a decisive blow. Plunging into the dangerous swamp, he struggled boldly through, and waiting only until his troopers had gained a footing by his side, he hurled them with resistless fury on the foe. The rout that ensued was disgraceful. Panic-stricken, the Netherland cavalry turned and fled without a blow, charging through the ranks of the retreating infantry, and throwing them into the wildest disorder. In a moment, the whole army broke to pieces and lay a struggling and terrified mass at the mercy of the enemy. Resistance, properly speaking,

there was none. When at length, weary of slaughter, the swords of the pursuers ceased from their bloody work, ten thousand Netherlanders, according to some authorities, lay dead on the field. The most accommodating credulity will, perhaps, refuse to credit these figures, when it is remembered that this slaughter was accomplished within the space of an hour and a half, and by but a fraction, from one thousand to twelve hundred men, of the Spanish army. It is certain, at any rate, that the States' army was annihilated. Guns, baggage, camp-equipage, ammunition, all fell into the victors' hands. The few hundreds of miserable prisoners captured, were either hanged or drowned.

The news of the terrible disaster of Gemblours was received in Brussels with more indignation than alarm. The defeat was attributed, no doubt with much justice, to the jealousies and selfish rivalries of the nobles; and the Prince of Orange had much ado to restrain the popular fury from breaking out in some act of violence against "the traitors." To him all eyes were turned in this hour of extremity; and the unanimity produced by the disaster in the Councils of the Estates, went far to compensate for its other consequences. Prompt efforts were put forth to organize and equip a second army. Orange dispatched envoys to England to arrange for a subsidy for the coming campaign, and sent Commissioners throughout the Provinces to raise the respective contributions agreed upon by the Estates. Troops were rapidly enrolled and equipped, and the patriots soon saw themselves again in condition to take the field. On his own side, Don John was proceeding with his military preparations on an extensive scale. Some towns of second-rate importance had fallen into his hands in consequence of the Gemblours victory; but this gain was more than counterbalanced by the loss of the important town of Amsterdam, which, situated in the heart of Holland, had long held out for the cause of the King. His army now numbered thirty thousand fighting men, many of them seasoned veterans from Italy and Spain. But he lacked the means to make this powerful force available. The mercenaries, who fought under his banner, fought for gold alone, and gold Don John had none to give them. Pent within the limits of a camp, his fiery spirit chafed high under this enforced inactivity. It is truly pathetic to read his appeals to his brother, at this time, either to recall him, or to furnish him with the means of carrying on the war. He was deeply pained, he said, at being disgraced and abandoned by the King, having served him "with love and faith and heartiness, both as a brother and a man." "Our lives," he added, are staked upon this cast and all "we wish is to lose them honorably." Whether from the poverty of his Exchequer or from the secret distrust he felt of Don John's design, or from both causes combined, Philip still delayed to send him the necessary subsidies. More or less of suspicion will al-

ways attach to him, that he caused a slow poison to be administered to his brother, about this time, with a view to remove him forever from his path. As this suspicion, however, was never clearly proved, it is, perhaps, no more than just to give him the benefit of the doubt. Enough of *known* and *established* criminality attaches to him, to couple his name with eternal infamy. There was enough, indeed, in the circumstances and surroundings of Don John, without referring it to the agency of poison, to account for the final catastrophe now near at hand. Devoured with care, braved by "heretics and rebels," yet powerless to strike, neglected and suspected at home, the hero to whom the dust of the melée had been as the breath of his nostrils, sighed at length for rest. He was soon to find a long and last repose. Ever since the death of Escovedo, a consuming melancholy had preyed upon his spirits, and to the ravages produced by mental grief and depression, were soon to be added those of physical disease. In his fortified camp, within a league of Namur, the life of the last Crusader was ebbing fast away. A miserable hovel, the single room of which had once been used for a pigeon-house, was the spot that witnessed the last moments of his chequered and brilliant career. A consuming fever burnt within his veins, and during the last few days of his illness, his mind wandered. Like a later and mightier warrior; his thoughts, in these closing hours of delirium, were again with the battle and its stern interests. Once more his fading eye looked upon the shock of charging squadrons, and once more his deadening ear caught the voice of "the thunder of the captains and the shouting."—Reason, however, returned before the hour of his death, and enabled him to make his last testamentary dispositions. On the first day of October, 1578, the anniversary of Lepanto, he calmly breathed his last. The body was borne in State to Namur, and the heart taken out, embalmed and buried there. To this day may be read, in that town, the inscription on the tablet, which indicated the spot where that lion-heart returned to dust. The body, itself, however, was carried to Spain for interment. It had been Don John's dying request to his brother that his remains might rest by the side of his Imperial father; and Philip, with decency, could scarcely refuse. *To save expense*, however, the son and successor of the second Charlemagne, the owner of the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru, had the body cut into three parts, packed into as many bags, for convenience of transportation, and carried privately, and on horse-back, through France to their destination. The ghastly remains at length found rest in the vaults of the Escurial, the palace and the tomb of the royal family of Spain.

So lived and died the last Crusader whom the annals of Chivalry were to know. Not, certainly, a great man or even a great commander, he had yet much of that brilliant and dashing courage

which so captivates the imagination in the exploits of a Tancred or a Richard Coeur de Lion. The romantic circumstances of his birth and rearing, his youth, his beauty, his impetuous valor, and his high and chivalrous bearing, inspire a genuine sympathy in his fortunes and for his untimely fate—a sympathy which may be indulged without check, so long as his efforts are directed against the powerful proselytes of a false religion. It should never be forgotten, however, that he lost his life in the attempt to reduce to political and religious servitude a nation of freemen, in whose veins flows the same blood that reddens in our own. His last efforts were directed, unfortunately, for his fame, against the spirit of that Reformation which forms the great epoch of Modern History—for which, in its mighty struggle for existence, more precious blood than his was to be spilt, and which, as we believe, is destined to survive to that supreme hour

"When wrapt in fire, the realms of Ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunders shake the world below"—

Contrasted with the Protestant hero who bucklered this great cause, his character seems wanting in almost every element of true greatness. He was, in truth, utterly unable to understand or appreciate his great antagonist—his thought could not comprehend the character of William, of Orange. "Damned heretic and rebel," he described him to Philip, and damned heretic and rebel he, no doubt, honestly thought William. Power, and fame, and honor, were *his* guiding stars through life, and he could form no conception of one to whom power, and fame, and honors, were but glittering baubles in comparison. If there be any value in the examples of History, his surely is pregnant with instruction. Longing for a kingly crown, when his hopes proved fallacious, he could make no compromise with fate. Like a caged eagle he beat his wings vainly against the bars of his prison-house, pined, drooped, and died—one more name added to the long list of those so well suited

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

(CONCLUDED.)

We gather the following facts in regard to the late Bishop Soule, from the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville, Tenn:

He was born in Bristol, Maine, August 1st, 1780, and was a "descendant of George Soule, one of the Pilgrim Fathers who came to New England in the Mayflower." He received license to preach in 1798, and labored in Maine till 1816, when he was appointed Editor of the Methodist Magazine. In 1820, he was elected Bishop, but declined on account of his views on "the Presiding Elder question." At the General Conference, held in Baltimore in 1824, he was reëlected to the Episcopate, and ordained by Bishops McKendree, George, and Roberts. From that time until he was forced by the weight of years and increasing infirmities to retire from active service, he was abundant in labors, scorning ease and self-indulgence, consecrating all his powers to the difficult and responsible work which had been assigned him by the Church.

MEMORIAL FLOWERS.

THE Lord of light, who rules the hours,
Has scattered through our sunny land,
Mementoes of His love in flowers,
With lavish hand.

This month they bloom in beauty rare,
And more than wonted sweets display,
As conscious of the part, they bear
The Tenth of May.

On which the South in plaintive tone
Of pride and sorrow mixed with bliss,
Speaks: "As a nation, I can own
No day but this!

I give on it, my glorious dead
The tribute, they have earned so well,
And with each bud and blossom shed
A mystic spell.

I lay the Laurel wreath above
The Cedar with its sacred ties,
And place them, with a mother's love,
Where JACKSON lies.

The Lily in its loveliness,
Pure as the stream where it awoke,
And spotless as his Bishop's dress,
I give to POLK.

To ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON, Moss,
And Rosemary and Balm; to these
Entwisted in a simple Cross,
I add Heartsease.

The Fleur-de-Lis, in song and lay
The emblem of true knight-hood's pride,
I place commixed with Jessamine spray,
By ASHBY'S side.

Fresh Morning-Glory buds I twine
With scarlet Woodbine laid beneath;
And mingle with them Eglantine;
For PELHAM'S wreath.

The Honeysuckle's rosy drift,
Whence fragrance dripping dews distil,
I offer as the proper gift,
For AMBROSE HILL.

O'er PENDER'S pure and sacred dust
Let Bleeding Hearts and Bays be swept;
He well deserved his Country's trust
So nobly kept!

Let RAMSEUR'S native pines drop down
Their leaves and odorous gums, displayed
To form with Ivy-flowers a down,
Where he lies laid.

While Orange blossoms fall like snow
To fill the air with fragrance ripe,
And form of MAXCY GREGG, below,
The truest type.

Where DOLES and BARTOW rest in death,
Strew Hyacinths and Mignonette,
And scatter with its balmy breath,
The Violet.

The fairest of the radiant dyes,
Which paint in living gems her sward,
The Land of Flowers well supplies
To honor WARD.

The grand Magnolia's blossoms fall,
Mingling with Fern their snowy loads,
And form a freshly fragrant pall
To cover RHODES.

Let Stars of Bethlehem gleaming lie,
As pure as BARKSDALE'S soul, which soars
While he exclaims: "I GLADLY DIE
In SUCH A CAUSE!"

GRANBURY rests in dreamless sleep,
And heaped upon his grave's green sod,
I let the Crimson Cactus creep
Round Golden Rod.

Of ZOLLICOFFER, who went first
To plead my cause at Heaven's bar,
The Am'ranth's buds to glory burst,
Fit emblems are.

For MORGAN let the wild wood Grape
Afford a dewy diadem,
And with its drooping tendrils drape
The Buck-eye's stem.

Missouri, from the fertile fields
Washed by her giant river's wave.
The gorgeous Rhododendron yields
McCULLOCH's grave.

Around the stone with CLEBURNE's name,
Wreathe Daisies and the Golden Bell,
And Trumpet-flowers with hearts of flame,
And Asphodel.

For him who made all hearts his own,
The sweetest Rose of love shall bloom,
In buds of blushing beauty strown
On STUART's tomb.

Each nameless nook and scattered spot,
Which hides my children from my view,
I mark with the Forget-me-not,
In Heaven's own blue.

Of all the varied vernal race
I give my cherished dead a part,
Except the Cypress; that I place
Upon MY heart.

FANNY DOWNING.

NATIONAL GLORY.

THE land we love is just emerging from the storms of a civil conflict, the bloodiest of modern times, the passions engendered by opposing interests, by fierce collisions in the Halls of Congress, and by the still fiercer, and far more terrible collisions on hundreds of battle-fields, have not yet died away. If then we can calmly turn away from scenes of sorrow and blood, and direct the attention of our readers to a true national glory, we shall not only add to the interest, but to the utility of your excellent monthly.

1. The glory of a nation does not consist in its physical grandeur, this may develop the talent and excite the patriotism of a people, but cannot constitute their glory. Savages may roam amid scenes of unsurpassed beauty, and magnificence. They may live in the caverns of mountains,

whose granite bases, and towering summits, whose huge boulders, and lofty cedars, afford scenery the most variegated and sublime.—They may have their homes close to the thunders of Niagara and hard by lakes whose beauty attracts the admiration of all.—Still they will be savages with no glorious banner floating over their heads, and no national glory shedding its light upon their barren annals. Our forests were grander when they waved in primeval beauty over the half-naked form of the dusky Indian, than when falling beneath the heavy blows of the wood-man's axe. Our rivers swept on to the ocean with as much glory when only agitated by the canoe of the savage, as when bearing upon their bosoms mighty steamers freighted with costliest merchandise. In a word, before the foot of civilization trod our soil, before the axe, or saw, or plane, or hammer commenced their work, before the ears were stunned with the din of business, or the clatter of machinery, before academies and colleges dotted the land, or churches lifted their spires to Heaven, before genius invented or talent discovered; grandeur was written upon the mountain and the vale, and was proclaimed in one deafening peal from ocean to ocean.

2. Nor does the glory of a nation consist in its physical courage, or brute force. To sound the war-whoop and raise the battle-cry, to lead victorious hosts over fields of carnage, to make homes desolate, and children orphans, to carry fire and sword, and bring misery, and ruin, to thousands of innocent victims, may be the boast of barbarians, but cannot add to the true glory of a nation. War may sometimes be necessary, in defense of honor, or life of purity and innocence, of great principles, or inalienable rights; but even then must be resorted to in the last extremity as the "ultima ratio."

War, when carried on for conquest, for subjugation; and in a manner, cruel and vindictive, becomes the shame and not the glory of a nation. When the ruthless warrior, forgetful of the claims of women, of the demands of christianity, and of the cries of innocence, goes forth to destroy, with vandal fury, private dwellings and public edifices, temples of learning, and temples of religion, cultivated fields, prosperous cities, and defenceless villages; then he disgraces his flag, and brings a "reproach to his people." A nation may honor her heroes when they have fought to defend the right, to protect the helpless, and to turn away ruthless hordes that are pouring like a tide of desolation over her fair fields and happy homes. But a nation derives no honor from blood-thirsty Attilas, that sweep like a desolating storm over homes of innocence and Edens of peace and loveliness. Wholesale robbery and murder, heartless conquest and rapine can never add to the glory of a nation. When such heroes are honored, it only shows the absurdity of passion, and the fearful perversion of the moral emotions. When an entire people can offer honors to heroes, whose cruel orders were to destroy

every vestige of animal and agricultural products and to leave the desolation so complete that a "crow" in passing over an entire region, would be compelled to carry his rations with him; then may we lament more over the moral desolation that has come over such a people, than over the physical ruin that has been visited upon their innocent victims. No lawless rapacity, no heartless cruelty should mark the history of a nation, whose proud banner should float unstained by crime. But that banner as it "floats over the land and over the sea" should be upborne by stalwart and virtuous arms, and every rustle of its ample folds should proclaim "glory to God, and good-will to man."

We hold then that the true glory of a nation, consists not in the extent of its territory, the variety of its scenery, the greatness of its resources, nor yet in its vast numbers, its extensive conquests, its physical courage or victorious arms. It is only when war is tempered by the influence of our holy religion, and when its heroes are "soldiers of the Cross" that war becomes tolerable. It is only when waged for the cause of right, and in a manner to bring the least possible suffering upon innocent and helpless non-combatants that war is ever commendable.

3. The glory of a nation is found in the industry and enterprise of its citizens. Let the citizens ever be on the alert to fell the forests, to cultivate the fields, to build the cities, establish the highways, extend the commerce, improve the agriculture, and advance the mechanic arts, and thus increase the material prosperity, and add to the glory of the nation. Let enterprise go forward, making inventions and discoveries, adding to the means of human happiness, and increasing the sum of human knowledge, and advancing its standard so high, as to win the admiration of the world.

4. A nation may glory in the progress of its sons and daughters in science and literature. A literature, rich, classic, and original, adorned with names that were not born to die, gives imperishable glory to a nation. Eloquence and poetry, science and art, sculpture and painting, colleges and and academies, these are the glory of a civilized and christian people. Wise statesmen, profound philosophers, eloquent orators, poets that move with a Miltonic tread, and artists of faultless skill, are stars of the first magnitude, and of radiant beauty, adorning the national sky with more than auroral splendors. Such stars were Homer and Milton, Virgil and Shakspeare, Newton and Bacon, and their light still shines with a splendor which must remain undimmed amidst the revolutions of time, and must grow brighter with the lapse of ages.

5. The glory of a nation is in her wise laws, free constitution, and good government; in the securing of private rights, and maintenance of public virtue; in institutions, just and benevolent; in a press untrammeled and yet free from licentiousness; and in a pulpit, independent, pure, and evangelical. It is not found in

injustice, or oppression, in confiscations and judicial murders; but in guarding the rights of all, aiding every state and every citizen with the golden rule of justice.

6. It is to the incorruptible virtue of the young men, and to the spotless purity of the young women, that we are to look for the glory of a nation. For, give to a nation, young men whose virtue is incorruptible, and whose intelligence equals their virtue, and its glory is secure in all time to come. A nation, whose young men are wanting in virtue, who spend their days in idleness, and their nights in revelry; who are restrained by no high moral principle, and who yield a ready obedience to every appetite and passion, must soon be degraded, though possessed of inexhaustible resources and occupying the highest position. Let the young men of the land be worshippers at the shrine of Bacchus, drinking to intoxication, staggering along the streets of the cities with bloodshot eyes, bloated faces, inflamed passions, and stultified intellects, and instead of pointing as did the Roman matron, and saying these are my jewels; the nation must turn away from them in sorrow, and lift a wail so sad and so loud as to fill the whole land with its lamentations. The young man who has lost all shame, and feels no remorse, and who is incapable of the noble purpose and the high resolve, who has effaced the seal of Heaven from the brow and the image of God from the heart, and quenched the fire of intellect in his eye; and who has forgotten the precepts of an honored father, and rejected the counsel that has fallen from maternal lips, is a blur upon humanity, a caricature of a man and the shame of his country. With such young men, a country is bereft of its glory, and gradually, but surely, sinks to ruin.

If our young men should unfortunately yield to the temptations that encompass youth, and become licentious, profane, infidel, wanting in integrity, and destitute of moral principle, then "Ichabod," the glory is departed, will be written on all our walls. When unhallowed lust and lawless passion have eat out like a cancer the noble and victorious principles which should govern the youth of a nation; then, indeed, may the Rachels weep over the desolation of the land and the ruin of their sons; then may the Davids raise their lamentations over their fallen Absaloms; then may the Heavens be hung in black; and the funeral dirge of the nation be sung. Let gaunt and hungry famine, blighting pestilence and terrible war darken our homes and sadden our hearts, but let not impurity stain our altars or corrupt our sons.

The glory of Israel was her virtuous Joseph, her pure-minded Samuel, and her innocent shepherd boy. Persia retained her glory as long as she could boast of the temperance and purity of her sons. The Spartan youth, by their integrity, their self-denial, their truth, their reverence for age, as well as by their valor, brought glory to Lacedemonia.—So in every age, and in every

country, the young men who could govern themselves, honor their parents, obey the laws, resist temptation, and with unfaltering fidelity, pursue the path of virtue, have been the glory of the nation.

The young women too, who, with shrinking modesty, spotless virtue, gentle amiability, unwavering firmness, and feminine tenderness, seek to honor and bless man, and with consistent piety, to honor God, add to the glory of the nation. Woman who knows her sphere, and who is willing to occupy it, who does not seek with masculine boldness to enter the field, which has been allotted to man, who could not mingle in the strife of politics, nor be found with brazen effrontery, delivering lectures, and discussing, before multitudes, topics of public interest, but who seeks quietly and humbly to fulfil her mission, is at once the crown of her parents, the boast of her countrymen, and the glory of her nation. The lustre of woman's virtues is not like the dazzling radiance of the sun, shining at noon, with cloudless splendor; but is like the soft and mellow light of the evening star, which like that of Bethlehem, is the emblem of man's peace, and the symbol of God's glory.

Finally, the glory of a nation is found in the manly virtues of her sons, the purity of her daughters, and in the unselfish patriotism of both. It is found in an unselfish devotion to the interests of the whole country, and in abiding by the constitution and laws.

The terrible civil war which has raged so fiercely must be made, if possible, to contribute to the national glory. It is the beauty of our holy religion that it evokes from crime and suffering some of the highest virtues of humanity. If there were no suffering there would be no patience, and without sin, there would be no forgiveness. Misery evokes compassion, and want calls out benevolence. Had man not fallen, Redemption had not been accomplished; had sin not abounded, grace had not *much more* abounded. So let the calamities of our cruel war add to the glory of the nation. Let us of the South, who have been the greatest sufferers in the struggle, add most to the glory of the nation, by a ready forgiveness of the past, by accepting gracefully and patriotically the decisions of war, and by devoting ourselves earnestly and faithfully to the arts of peace. The more we pursue this course, the more we add to the glory of being an American citizen. Our heroes fought and failed; they fought for principle, and struggled with manly courage for what they believed to be right. They were not traitors. Treason is not to be charged upon the noble men, who fought for principles which were hallowed by association with the Fathers of the Republic. These principles had descended to them from Jefferson and Madison, and had come baptized in the blood of the heroes of 1776. During the struggle, the courage of our men, and the patient endurance of our women placed Southern character side by

side with the greatest heroes the world had ever known. The sun never shone on a grander man than was Stonewall Jackson.—A purer patriot never adorned the pages of history than was, and than *is* Robert E. Lee.—Great in victory, great in defeat, and now greatest in peace. Like him, are thousands of the soldiers of the South; and like him, they are adding to the lustre of the American name, by their endurance of misfortune, by their lofty bearing and deep devotion to the land we love.—We offer here and now to the national flag, the energy, talent, learning, genius, patriotism and integrity of the sons of the South. And in like manner we lay upon the same altar the refinement and purity, the polish and piety, the patience and forbearance of as noble women as God ever gave to bless man. Will the North accept the offering? Will they reject the light which now pours its glorious effulgence from our Southern sky? Will they seek to bring infamy upon names, which the Muse of history has already proclaimed among the fairest on her roll, and as immortal as bright? No; let the Union be restored, let Andrew Johnson unite together, in holy bonds, the victorious North and the defeated South, let integrity govern the one and generosity the other, and our national glory shall be like our Union, "one and inseparable, now and forever."

THE LEAVES OF PLANTS—THEIR STRUCTURE AND FUNCTIONS.—NATURE'S PROVISIONS AGAINST THE EFFECTS OF DROUGHTS.

SOME years ago during a dry season, a friend observed that his cotton was so much injured by drought, that if there was no rain in a week, it need not rain again for him this season, as his crop would be past help. It did not rain for ten weeks; and in the fall after harvest, he was obliged to confess that he had made a better crop than usual, much to the amusement of those who heard his lamentations in the summer, and his own discomfiture as a prophet.

This anecdote is mentioned to show that plants can really stand more dry weather than we suppose—that they have the means of adjusting and adapting themselves to the variable conditions by which they are surrounded, and that it is more often in dry than in wet seasons that the best crops are made. We see the earth becoming dry and parched, the leaves drooping, the rapid luxuriant growth arrested, and we cry out for more rain. We too easily take the alarm and imagine they are suffering, when on the contrary, they are benefited by the change, receiving strength and vigor from the bright sun, hardening their tissues and thus pre-

paring themselves for the more useful purposes of life—the bearing of fruit instead of the empty and boastful display of foliage.

Of course a proper amount of moisture is necessary to a healthy condition of vegetation; and rains at certain intervals are required to keep up this moisture, but we too often anticipate this period; and had we our own will in regulating this supply, there would doubtless be more frequent destruction to the growing crops from too much moisture.

It would afford a curious commentary on our ignorance, and at the same time, a rebuke to our presumption, if, for one season, the regulating of the clouds were entrusted to our sapient selves.

How soon would there be a real or fancied collision of interests. "More rain" one would cry.—"No! let us have clear weather, until the grass is killed" another would say. Scarcely any two would agree as to the times;—and even on the same farm, the difficulty would arise of satisfying the conflicting claims of different fields or different parts of the same field. It is well for us that man, with his clashing interests and short-sighted judgment, shall not be "masters of the situation."

We propose to speak of the precautions which Nature has taken as a wise master-builder, to provide plants with a means of resisting the effects of drought, and to furnish them with regulating machinery by which they can adapt themselves to outward circumstances;—and "in whatever condition they are, therewith to be content." But when we speak of *Nature*, let us not forget that this is merely a term by which we mean the God of nature. Not a Power or an Agency in itself, but a phrase by which we avoid the too common use of that Reverend Name.

The leaves,—the foliage of plants,—the lungs and stomach of the vegetable kingdom! how varied in shape, size and adornment!—magnificent in their aggregate, wonderful in their individuality! Behold in their color the beneficent adaptation to the eye. What other hue could have been selected so grateful to the delicate organs of vision? A few grains of *Chlerophyll*, deposited in each of the minute cells of the leaf, accomplishes this work.—This coloring matter is never absent, except in some few eccentric characters that draw their sustenance from other plants, parasites and pirates of the vegetable kingdom.

And these leaves, so variable in size and shape! how beautifully do they obey the law of their being! how eloquently do they plead for the one designing architect that has superintended their structure! One general model—one universal plan to prove one designing mind, modified in endless complications to exhibit the inexhaustable resources of the great Master hand.

The foliage of vegetation,—the great Laboratory of Nature in which are concocted all the various products of the vegetable kingdom—wholesome food and deadly poisons,—luscious fruit and nauseous drugs—spices and gums,—aromatic flavors and

etherial odors,—textile fabrics and building materials,—the sinews of commerce,—the moving power of the world's activity!

This vast machinery is ever at work, silently, mysteriously. By day and night, in sunshine and in rain, its manifold operations are carried on;—and conducted with an exactness and precision which baffles all our efforts to penetrate the mysterious, almost sentient agency, which prescribes and regulates the effects.

Here we see growing side by side, the wholesome fruit and the deadly poison, the most fragrant perfume and the most fetid odors, each nourished by the same soil, warmed by the same sun, watered by the same rain, fanned by the same breeze, yet each within the sphere of its own instinct silently working out its own pre-ordained course.

Can we penetrate these mysteries, and expose to human view, the secret workings of their hidden organisms? Can we know why the crude nourishment taken up from the common mother below, when passed through the transmutating alembic of the leaves, shall give us such varying products?

Human ingenuity has accomplished much, and is still at work in the field which promises rich rewards, but we must ever bear in mind that there is an external horizon,—an outward circle, lying beyond that which bounds our ordinary vision, which it is not given to man to penetrate. By laborious investigation, analysis, observation, comparison, scrutiny, we may enter the inner circle and extend our vision, but it is only to see another horizon beyond, whose limits we cannot enter.

This endless diversity in the vegetable kingdom, fulfilling as it does so perfectly, its great appointment in the economy of life, we cannot but admire.

The many myriads of animated creatures that inhabit our globe, find here their proper and necessary food, and without it, animal life would be extinct. It attests the goodness of the beneficent Creator, who gives not life only, but with it also, enjoyment and happiness. We see the evidence of this bountiful providence in the rich fruits of the temperate regions, and in the delicate aroma and spicy perfumes of the tropics; and in all, a vegetation suited to their wants. He gives to man a sense of the beautiful in nature, and thus appeals to his higher life. In the profusion of flowers of every hue which deck our fields and forests; in those beautiful ornaments of our gardens, surpassing in chaste design, or in brilliant colors, all the skill of the artists brush, He seems offering to His rational creatures a source of pure delight, and by thus making cheerful his home, to lure him away from the strife of his own passions, to seek for calmness and serenity of mind amid these emblems of purity, chastity and love.

If this endless variety in the appearance and structure of plants, be matters of wonder, how much more so when we are told by the chemist, that on analyzing the plant, there are only a few elementary bodies, which in varying proportions, go into the com-

position of its whole structure, and that all plants whatsoever, are composed of these few simple elements, in combination with a small quantity of earthy matter.

We may investigate the structure of the leaf and learn its texture, its organization, its parts and the mechanical and chemical functions they perform, but of that mysterious power which presides over, and controls the individual life, which gives the peculiar and essential qualities, and with unerring precision, akin to the instinct of intelligent creatures, prepares within itself the embryo seed which is to reproduce itself in endless succession, we know nothing. We call this unseen power vitality or vital force, because we know it only by its manifestations. It belongs to those inscrutable mysteries connected with the great First Cause, which it is not permitted to man to penetrate.

With his crucible and his retort, with his blow-pipe and powerful electric battery, the chemist may dissolve the wonderful fabric of vegetable compounds, and with his delicate tests, may search out their constituents, but he knows not how again to reconstruct. He can tell us the constituents of sugar, and the very proportions in which they are united, but he has never been able to make one atom of sugar. By his ingenious and skilful devices, he is enabled to open the fair casket, to study its curious workmanship, and ascertain the materials of which it is made,—but here his power ceases. He is thwarted in all his efforts to rebuild again. He has reached the threshold of the great mystery of Life and can proceed no farther. In the presence of this unseen power, which pervades alike the vegetable and the animal kingdom, he bows in reverence and awe.

We take up a leaf and examine it, as it appears to the naked eye. At first glance we see that there are two very distinct materials which make up its substance, in the frame work of ribs which, passing through the centre, ramify in all directions, giving strength and rigidity to all its form;—and the softer and darker green substance which compose the intervening spaces, and known as the parenchyma. The original of both these structures, are simple cells, but the cell-structure is modified in various ways.

In the former, the ribs or veins, we have what is called the vascular or longitudinal system of cells,—elongated, tough and rigid, giving strength and hardness;—in the latter, the cellular or horizontal system, soft and flexible. These latter contain the Chlerophyll or green coloring matter of leaves.

Under the microscope we find several other divisions, which the naked eye fails to detect.

In a cross or vertical section, we find, composing the central substance of the leaf, cells more or less compressed and flattened by pressure, but always with intervening spaces, or air passages, where the edges of the cells are not in close contact. On the upper and under surface is a layer of thickened and closely compressed cells. This is the Epidermis which incloses the more loose

texture within and protects it from the direct influence of heat and cold, and of excessive dryness or moisture.

On the surface of this epidermis are a number of *Stemates* or breathing pores (as they may be called),—mechanical contrivances for regulating the evaporation from the cells beneath. They are openings in the surface which connect with the air cavities or intercellular spaces within, thus affording a free communication between the external air and the cells; and occupy both surfaces of the leaf.

In plants when leaves float on the water, as in the Water Lily and other aquatics, the stemates are confined to the upper surface only;—and in leaves entirely submerged, are absent. They are extremely minute; and vary in different plants from 1,000 to 150,000 to the square inch.—These perforations are situated between certain crescent shaped cells of the epidermis, their concave surfaces coming together and forming an elliptical opening.—"When moistened, these guardian cells change their form, becoming more crescentic as they become more turgid, thereby separating in the middle and opening a free communication between the outer air and the interior of the leaf.—As they become drier, they shorten and straighten, so as to bring the sides of the two into contact and close the orifice. The use of this mechanism will be readily understood. So long as the leaf is in a moist atmosphere, and is freely supplied with sap, the stemates remain open, and allow the free escape of moisture by evaporation. But when the supply fails, and the parenchyma begins to be exhausted, the guardian cells, at least equally affected by the dryness, promptly collapse, and by closing these thousands of apertures, check the drain the moment it becomes injurious to the plant."

So far therefore as the leaf is concerned, it is endowed by nature with the means of resisting and mitigating the injurious effects of too much dryness by this self-adjusting machinery.

If we examine into the effects of drought upon the soil, we shall be led to admire no less the proofs of design exhibited there. Throughout the kingdom of nature we see mutual connection and dependence between all objects—action and reaction, relations, adaptations, which prove them all to be the work of one designing mind—all made for each other, and only fulfilling their office when these relations are established; the eye for light and light for the eye—the plant for the soil, and the soil for the plant—the earth for man and man for the earth.

As rain falls upon the ground it is absorbed by the porous soil, and sinks down gradually, thus relieving the roots of that excess which would be injurious. Rain water is always changed into carbonic acid gas, which enables it more readily to dissolve the mineral matter it finds in its progress downward. These are carried down and lodged in the subsoil.—As soon as the surface begins to dry, a reverse action takes place—the moisture from below begins to ascend by capillary attraction,

and to carry up with it these mineral salts held in solution. When the moisture reaches the surface, it is either taken up by the roots of plants, or evaporates, leaving the salts in the soil. The next heavy rains carry down much of these mineral matters, but only to be brought up again during the next drought, by the ascending moisture. The alternations of wet and dry weather thus keep up a constant interchange of these inorganic materials. It is often the case that the subsoil is rich in these valuable compounds. It then becomes an inexhaustable bed for the supply of vegetation above by this simple process of capillary attraction.

We see therefore that droughts are not without their compensating benefits. That the plant has the power of resisting much of its effects through the machinery of its leaves, whilst the porous soil affords a passage upwards of the moisture from below, charged with mineral ingredients, and thereby keeping up the fertility of the soil.

It is in the contemplation of these evidences of creative wisdom and goodness that the naturalist finds unerring proofs of the great presiding Intelligence, and is led onward to seek out and investigate thsee works.

And these things which appear minute and trivial should give us the more confidence, inasmuch as they are proofs of his power and goodness even to the inanimate and insensible objects of his creation. "If He so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more" care for man, made in his own image? As good old Paley puts it—"Under this stupendous Being we live. Our happiness, our existence is in his hands. All we expect must come from him.—Nor ought we to feel our confidence insecure. In every nature, and in every portion of nature which we can descry, we find attention bestowed upon even the minutest parts. The hinges in the wing of an earwig and the joints of its antennæ" (or the breathing-pores on the surface of the smallest leaf) "are as highly wrought as if the Creator had nothing else to finish. We see no signs of diminution of care by multiplicity of objects, or of distraction of thought by variety.—We have no reason to fear therefore our being forgotten or overlooked or neglected."

"STAND IN THY LOT."

Shall He who formed the ear,
And gave thee eyes to see,
Not fashion sounds to cheer
And light to gladden thee?

Beneath whose brooding wings
The desert wells were nurst—
Deny thee water-springs,
And leave thy lip, athirst?

Nay! were thine upward aim
The utmost stars on high,
His hand who lit their flame,
Can lend thee wings to fly!

Be steadfast in thy day!
As is thy strength, thy task;
Who gave the *heart*, alway
Gives all the heart can ask.

HUMORS OF THE MORGAN RAID INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.

SECOND PAPER.

GEN. MORGAN had passed with his force of less than four thousand men, some sixty miles into Indiana, and had taken the towns of Corydon and Salem; and rumors flew over the country to the effect that he was aiming to work still further North, with a view to destroying the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, then a thoroughfare of vast importance to the Federal army. So a squad of men—the writer of this among them—was dispatched forthwith to the railroad in question, with instructions to rouse the people and gather them to the defence of certain bridges, &c.

On reaching our department we found that we might as well have been kept at home, for the people were already out in full force, and the bridges were—safe.

The first bridge at which we made our august appearance was over White River. It was guarded by about three hundred brave looking Hoosiers, dressed in every style known to the fashions, and armed with every conceivable kind of weapon, from long rifles to pitchforks. They were entrenched and had a cannon. Their earth-works consisted of a thin ridge of loose sand thrown up as lightly as possible, with a row of small stones resting along on top of it to prevent the wind from blowing it away. Their cannon was a brass signal gun of the smallest size—not over ten inches long, perhaps—and it, too, like the one brought to bear on Gen. Morgan at Brandenburg, had been captured or stolen, and sent home from the war. At the time of which I write, it was claimed as the property of a Gen. McMillen, who figured somewhat around New Orleans, long after the fighting was over in that locality.

With these arrangements and fixtures, our Hoosier friends felt perfectly secure; and so they indulged loudly in their defiance of Morgan and his four thousand conscripts, as they were pleased to call his men. They were, to use their own language, "jest spilin' for a fight." Nothing would give them more pleasure than to see the old horse-thief undertake to capture *that* bridge!—*They'd* show him which side of his bread was buttered!

In an hour or so after our arrival, a locomotive came up the track with word that Morgan had worked out as far as Little Orleans; had captured the place, and was now actually marching directly for the White River Bridge. And immediately the exclamations of defiance, and clamoring in favor of a fight, ceased; and many a tall Hoosier turned pale and became restless. It was the first time they had realized that there was really a possibility of meeting with the great "guerilla chief."

A little later, and just as the sun was setting, a new impulse was added to the excitement by

the arrival of a recruit from Southward, who swore that he had seen Morgan and his whole force, and they were now within less than six miles of us, and marching at double-quick for the bridge.

Great uneasiness began to manifest itself among our men. We were a divided force; for, while a few appeared to be good soldiers, ready to stand up to the work, come what would, a large majority evinced an inclination to start off for the nearest town in quest of supplies; or to straggle out into the woods in a direction that went the furthest from Little Orleans—away from the buzz of camp, the better to—hear Morgan, of course, and to apprise the guard of his approach, also, of course. But the guard opposed them in their laudable purposes, and the brave soldiers, who had, but a few hours before, boasted what they could do, had to remain.

It wasn't long till we heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of Morgan's men coming, sure enough,—or, until many said they heard it—I didn't. It was a moment of breathless, and I may say, trembling suspense. In the midst of this, when all had stopped breathing the better to hear the approaching enemy, a crashing sound arose from the dense woods within a few hundred paces of us, which fairly shook heaven and earth. And forthwith the clanking of arms might have been heard at that particular bridge on White River, not the effect of men engaged in deadly combat, but produced by men who had concluded to adopt the old saying of

> "He who fights and runs away,
> Will live to fight another day,"

leaving, of course, the third word of the first line out of the question.

It was a rich affair, that inglorious skedaddle. There was scarcely a corporal's guard left. But rattle, rattle, tramp, tramp, on came the charging squadrons: when lo! a hand-car came in sight! Yes, a hand-car, and nothing more! and we learned that Morgan had taken another route, and had not been nearer to us than forty miles!

The deserters came back, the ranks filled up, and we were all very much grieved that we had not had a rough and tumble fight with the great Guerrilla Chieftain.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JOHN MILTON.*

THE reader must now follow us away from the bowers of the Muses, to the dusty *arena* of British politics in the 17th century, and to the thorny paths of history. But we may venture to encourage him with the promise of smoothing these rough ways for him, so that if any feet are lacerated by them, they shall be those of his pioneers, and not his own.

The career of Milton as a public man exactly explains the true nature of that great party in Church and State, known as the Puritan, and of the wide differences which existed within it. It was stated that when the Long Parliament met, November 3rd, 1640, it was almost unanimous in in its demand for the redress of grievances proceeding from the abuse of the royal prerogative.—But it then contained three avowed parties. The smallest was that of the King, of Laud, and of Strafford, the party of the high prelatists. They were, in the State, the advocates of pure, unlimited monarchy, and in religion the assertors of the divine right and necessity of a hierarcy of prelates, for the very being of a church. They were shrewdly suspected by the moderate party, of a secret design to bring in despotism and Catholicism: a charge which the extreme liberals fully believed; and which, in the light of history, appears manifestly true. Next, there was the party of the moderate Episcopalians, embracing at that time, the great majority of both houses. These were sincere advocates at once of constitutional right, and of monarchical government; and while they did not regard prelacy as of the essence of a scriptural church-order, and were not so principled against Presbyterianism, as to be incapable of sincerely adopting it, if it appeared necessary for the country's welfare, they preferred a mild Episcopacy, as an advantageous and suitable institution for England as she then was. This party was well represented in the great Hampden. The third party, larger in numbers than the first, but far smaller than the second, was that of the Presbyterians. These looked to the established Church of their sister kingdom of Scotland, where Presbytery was regularly and legally established by the constitution, as presenting their preferred model. Hence, as Scotland was then almost unanimously in arms against Charles, for his despotic encroachments: it was inevitable that this party in England, when their own quarrel with the king became pressing, as well as the moderate party, should look to the Scots as their natural allies. The English Presbyterians were avowed, and unquestionably sincere monarchists, but determined to preserve and increase the constitutional limits on the royal power. In church affairs, they avowed no design of banishing Episcopacy from the English Establishment, but loudly demanded, first, that the hierarchy should not be represented in the upper

* Continued from page 458.

house, second, that the religion of the State should be purged from Catholic tendencies, then so plainly manifest; and third, that their people should enjoy full toleration in England. But in the bosom of this Presbyterian party, latent and unavowed, lurked the little element of Independency, which was destined so wonderfully to emerge, and although always a minority in the nation, to overpower both its rivals. To this element Milton belonged, perhaps at first semi-consciously.*

But something more is needed, to the understanding of the term *Puritan*. In the mouth of an English Episcopalian of 1640, it meant a vast aggregate of most different parties in Church and State, including the National Church of Scotland, all the Episcopalians of distinct and fixed Evangelical or Protestant opinions, all the English Presbyterians, all those politicians who were sticklers for constitutional right, and, of course, the obscure sectaries afterwards called Independents. But these last, as they were least numerous, were then probably least in the minds of the royalist party, when they called their opponents Puritans. Among many testimonies confirming this statement, too familiar to the well-informed reader to need repetition, we only cite one, less known, though exceedingly appropriate. It is from the speech of Sir Benjamin Rudyard, in support of the celebrated Mr. Pym's motion for redress of grievances, (Nov. 1640.)

"They have so brought it to pass, that under the name of *Puritans*, all our religion is branded; and under a few hard words against *Jesuits*, all Popery is countenanced. Whosoever squares his action by any Rule, either Divine or Humane, he is a *Puritan:* whosoever would be governed by the King's Laws, he is a *Puritan:* he that will not do whatsoever other Men would have him do, he is a *Puritan:* Their great Work, their Master-piece, now is to make all those of the Religion, to be the suspected Party of the kingdom."

The meaning which the epithet *Puritan* bore in the mouth of the Royalist, may be best explained by the historical usage of other terms of reproach. Thus, in the 18th century the word Methodist, applied to the evangelical party in the English Establishment, meant not a Wesleyan, but a man who conscientiously regulated his morals by a *methodus*. It was the taunt of a relaxed and unprincipled party against those who tacitly shamed their lack of principle, by professing to live strictly by their principles. So, in the United States the time was, when those who asserted the fundamental principles of the constitution as the practical rules for administering the government, were branded as "Abstractionists."—The Puritans were simply the *Methodistæ* and *Abstractionists* of 1640. Says Rapin Thoyras, (Vol. xi. p. 518.) "They" (Charles I. and his party) "believed not only that all the Puritans were enemies

* See Rapin Thoyras, Bk. xx. 15. Charles I. (Ed. Lond, 1731, pp. 24, 25, 61-65. Vol. XI.

to monarchy; but also that all those who were against a despotic Power were Puritans. This made Charles I. resolve to ruin all such as were not submissive enough to his Will, by confounding them all under the name of *Puritans.*"

It can be easily understood why the Independent party, at the beginning of the great struggle, should act with the Presbyterians; because the latter, although monarchists, were striving against a despotic monarchy and hierarchy. Thus they were going, for the present, in the direction the Independents designed to go: only, the latter intended to go a great deal farther. And hence, this temporary cöoperation did not prove that their principles were not radically different. The Independent sect, originating with the little colony of *Brownists* in Holland, were disorganizers in Church and State. In politics they were radical democrats; by which one word, they are described sufficiently. In Church order, they discarded the great doctrines of "vocation" and rule on which all the Reformed Churches had built their systems, as on a corner stone. That doctrine is, that the limited Church power which Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church, has deposited in human hands, is in the clergy whom he has called, through the voice of his people and Spirit, to this function. And this vocation is recognized only where the candidate for office feels himself moved by godly and Scriptural desires for the work, and both the orders in the Church endorse and approve his pretensions: the laity by voluntarily calling him to teach or rule, and the clergy by voluntarily raising him by ordination, to their class. This doctrine of vocation the Independents fatally marred, by discarding the concurrence of the church, and clergy, and teaching that every believer who professed to feel the motion of the Holy Ghost, was duly qualified to teach. They also threw off all ecclesiastical subordination, declaring that there was no such thing as clerical or ecclesiastical power, in any form, regulative of the whole Christian body. With them, any company of worshippers who chose to associate together, were independent and supreme; and they rejected the legitimate control of a representative Presbytery or Synod, as being as verily Antichrist, as a Prelate. It is true, that the monstrous rerults of such a system of anarchy made a part of the sect recoil, as to a part of their dogmas. The little cluster of Independents who had found their way into the Westminster Assembly, headed by Godwyn and Burroughs, presented to the Parliament in 1644, a statement of their opinions, in which they protest that they admit the ordination of ministers by ministers, the use of ruling elders, the sacraments, and a congregational church discipline by censure or exclusion. It is also true that Independents, both in England, and in New England, have usually found themselves practically impelled, by the very absurdity of their own first principles, to borrow so much of Presbyterianism, in order to exist at all. For, the proper tendency of

their own premises is utterly to disintegrate civil and ecclesiastical society, and bring everything to chaos. And in both countries, and in the 17th and 19th centuries, a large number of those who have adopted these opinions have been continually drifting into one or another absurdity, disorganizing every foundation of order.—In short, the most moderate Independents, represented by Godwyn and Burroughs, retain the principle of their church-radicalism, by repudiating all general church control, and making any number of sectaries who associate together, no matter how few, or how schismatical, or how extravagant, a legitimate and supreme church power, with an inherent claim to all the powers of ordination, sacraments, and discipline, and irresponsible to everything beneath the skies. It is no wonder that such a system displayed its innate tendency to revert perpetually to anarchy, in the instances of the Levellers, and Fifth Monarchists of the Commonwealth, and the Women's Rights, Free Love and Abolitionist parties of New England. It is obvious that the only political creed which could affiliate with such a religion, was the most radical form of democracy. In their 'so-called' churches, the people were a spiritual democracy, and the pastor a spiritual demagogue. So, in civil affairs, these high religionists were found adopting precisely the atheistic and impious principles of the Mountain in the French Assembly: which ignore the very idea of legitimate authority, discard all ethical foundation for allegiance in the sovereignty of God's will and providence, make each man a god to himself; and assign no other force to law, than the caprice of that aggregate mob of lawless integers, which happens to possess the physical power.

We repeat, that the Presbyterians, although temporarily having the political adhesion of the Independents, held principles essentially different. They were a recognized branch of that great communion known as the "Reformed," to which the Anglican church belonged. From the latter they only differed in one essential; the prelatical headship for their church order. But while they did not recognize the Apostolic succession through prelatical Bishops, they held firmly to the necessity of a clerical succession, and of a Scriptural authority regulative of the whole church, residing in the clergy. While the Episcopalians sought this general regulative power in a hierarchy of Bishops and Archbishops, the Presbyterians placed it in representative courts of more general, or of universal jurisdiction, called Synods and General Assemblies. And they taught in common with the whole Protestant world, that the foundation of allegiance in both Church and State, is the supreme will of God: of which will regular expression is to be obtained, first in the Holy Scriptures, and then in the combined voice of the constituted human authorities, and of the people, uttered through the appointed channels. Thus they aimed to find the golden mean between the principles

of despotism, and those of anarchy. It is manifest that their system was as truly one of subordination, of order, and of legitimate authority, as that of the moderate Episcopalians. And this is not only inference, but a historical fact. Just so soon as the Independent party found it their interest to withdraw from them, they uniformly assailed them with the same charges of tyranny, which they uttered against the Episcopalians and Catholics.

It is obvious also, that the genius of Presbyterianism was such as might properly affiliate either with a constitutional monarchy, or with a regular aristocratical republic; while it had no affinity with a literal democracy. The British Presbyterians were undoubtly sincere and steadfast monarchists. We know that the opposite is often asserted; that King James I. embodied his opinion of the incompatibility of their system with monarchy, in the apophthegm "No Bishop, no King." The Presbyterians would willingly have avowed this maxim, if modified so as to read: "No Bishop, no Despot." It is true that the Stuart Dynasty held this opinion as their inheritance, to their latest hour. It is true that the Presbyterians in the Long Parliament were persistently charged by Charles I. with a secret purpose of establishing a commonwealth. But we shall present irrefragable evidence of the opposite, at the cost of some anticipation of the order of facts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE'S LAW.

The classical people were certainly queer,
And did many a comical thing;
Yet their doings, if sifted entirely clear,
Will some moral undoubtedly bring.

A fanciful fancy of their's I relate,
And the truth, which it covers, display;
Endeavoring its innermost meaning to state
To whoever may list to the lay.

These Ancients created a beautiful God,
And crowned him with myrtle and rose,
Then placed in his soft, snowy fingers a rod
With the which he did just as he chose.

He reigned on the mountains, he ruled o'er the sea,
And he governed the heavens above;
And naught might presume to dispute the decree
Of the powerful deity Love!

Love loved and was loved by the loveliest girl,
That the earth at that season had seen;
As pure as some snowily glittering pearl
In the depths of the ocean serene.

He loved, and he wooed, and he won, and he made
This most exquisite maiden his bride,
Yet on her a stringent injunction he laid,
Lest a terrible woe should betide.

When night draped the earth in a soft, starry shade,
He would leave his bright throne in the sky,
Still crowned, and in royal apparel arrayed,
To the arms of his darling to fly.

Yet never a moment that darling might gaze
On the face of her lover divine,
Save when on his glorious beauty the rays
Of faint flickering star-beams should shine.

Love's law was obeyed and the moments flew fast
Round the silvery circle of Time,
Till Pysche too curious, grew sinful at last—
Disobedience to Husbands is crime!

One night she held close to his myrtle-wreathed head,
As asleep he dreamed happily on,
A lamp.—Love awoke in an instant, and fled
And forever and ever was gone!

This lesson enwrapped in the story I find;—
To be happy, obey it we must—
"To keep Love we must always be partially blind,
And take half of his treasures ——— on trust!"

SKETCH OF GOVERNOR ALLEN OF LOUISIANA.

In the year 1838, the writer of this was standing before the door of one of the dormitories at Marion College, Mo., engaged with a group of fellow students in discussing some of the questions which ordinarily engage the attention of College boys, when the hack from the nearest town arrived, bringing an accession of two to our numbers. Of these, one was Henry W. Allen, the subject of this sketch. He was about five feet ten inches high, with a fine intellectual forehead, and impressed us very favorably. There were upwards of twenty students from the Old Dominion, in College, and those of us who belonged to that squad soon ascertained that he was

from "the land we loved," and sought an acquaintance with him. His father removed from Prince Edward county, Va., (a county that gave Sterling Price and Joe. Johnston to the Confederacy,) and settled in Richmond, Ray county, Mo., when Henry was some fifteen years of age. Henry was placed in a store in Lexington, Mo., a place afterwards prominent in the annals of the war. The life of a merchant, however, did not suit young Allen, and he left the counter when about seventeen years old, to pursue his studies in college, looking forward to the bar as his profession. In college he was one of the most diligent students I ever knew. He was fond of public speaking, and while not neglecting his text-books, took a prominent part in the discussions in society. On one occasion, he made an argument before the Judge of the Township in favor of the rights of the students of college, which he thought had been infringed upon, and gained great credit for his first public forensic effort. He did not complete the course of study at college. It must be admitted that he was disposed to be a little extravagant in his expenditures.—His habits of dress, cultivated in a store, made his expenditures exceed the average of his fellow students, and his father, finding that he greatly exceeded his allowances, took occasion to remonstrate with him. This offended him, and he left college to seek his fortune in the South. It so occurred, too, that he had had a disagreement with one of his fellow students, about some matters connected with a controversy conducted in the literary society. Before leaving college, this fellow student addressed him a kind note, asking him, that as they were about to separate, perhaps never to meet again, he would forget the past, and not carry with him ill blood. He rejected the tender of reconciliation. He was not yet schooled and disciplined by contact with the world, to make him the man he became. There were in him all the elements of greatness and nobleness, but he had never yet been chastened by experience to know and feel that little peccadillos should not be allowed to separate chief friends. He had not been in Mississippi two weeks, before he wrote back a note of humble apology to this same student, especially regretting that he had ungenerously rejected the tender of his friend looking to a reconciliation. Thus, was one error of life atoned for, and rectified. The same was the case towards his honored father. He was too much under the influence of impulse, but at the same time was as generous a soul as ever lived. The next thing he did was to write a long and humble letter to his father making amends for his too hasty conduct in leaving college. He was in the world now, he was to carve out his on destinies, and in contact with strangers he had learned to value the fond affection of the loved ones at home. Of course the breach was healed, and the first vacation in which he could spare time, he paid a visit to his home. Thus was the second error of life reformed.

Young Allen began his career

in Mississippi by teaching in order to support himself, and also to study law. After the usual time spent in preliminary studies he was admitted to the bar, and rose to distinction. Here again, "the rash humor which his mother gave him," made him forget that he was not called upon to redress every wrong, and especially that a newspaper squib had better not be noticed, than to lead to a personal conflict. It so occurred that that non-descript, hunchback, Tom Hunt, of Pennsylvania, "a man of infinite humor who was wont to set the *audience* in a roar" as a temperance-speaker, visited the town in which Allen resided in Mississippi, and delivered a lecture. Some one of the Editors of the town perpetrated a squib at Hunt's expense, and as the lecturer had married a distant relative of Allen's, he took the quarrel up, which led to a challenge, and in the conflict that ensued, Allen received a slight wound. He ever afterwards regretted that he had engaged in the affair.

The war with Mexico coming on, Allen raised a company and joined our forces on the Rio Grande, where he acquired his first taste of military life.

Years after this, the writer met his old friend at one of the Virginia Springs. He was sitting under the rotunda, when looking over his shoulder, he saw a gentleman reading a book, whom he recognized as his old College mate. When in College we called him by familiar soubriquet, "Hoss."—There was an old Judge in Missouri, by the name of Allen, who, for some cause or other, went by the nick-name of "Hoss Allen," and College students are fond of giving nick-names to their fellows. We gave him this, and he always went by that name. As I had recognized my friend instanter, I called to him by his old soubriquet. I presume he had not heard it for ten years, but like the old war-horse when he hears the sound of the trumpet, he recognized the name, and came running to greet me with the exclamation—"Who in the world is it that calls me by my old College nick-name!" Of course it was not long before he knew who it was that addressed him thus familiarly, and many pleasant hours we spent together. He was now a married man, and he and his wife were spending the summer in the mountains of his old native State. He was also the representative of Yalabusha county, in the legislature of his adopted State.

Years passed by—the storm of war had burst on Virginia. He was eager to mingle in the foray, to strike for his home and native land. The first battle of Manassas had been fought. Crowds of soldiers were gathering to this scene of conflict to range themselves under the banners of Johnston and Beauregard. I was standing at Gordonsville one day, and looking at the trains as they passed crowded with soldiers, when who should step off one of the cars but my old friend, dressed in a Colonel's uniform. We exchanged hearty greetings. I asked him his destination. He told me he had command of a regiment

of Louisianians, stationed on Ship Island, but was on his way to report to General Beauregard.—Soon after this General B. was sent West and Colonel Allen's regiment was incorporated in the army of the West. In the active operations of the Western army he played a conspicuous part, sharing all the toils of that arduous campaign. When General Breckenridge attacked the enemy at Baton Rouge, he was in the thickest of the fight. Riding at the head of his regiment, for he never could walk well, (we used to joke him about his gait in College) he was shot through both his legs, and his horse killed under him. He was borne to the rear, and laid on a table to have his limbs amputated. Against this he protested. "Gentlemen" said he to the Surgeons, "My Maker gave me these pins when he brought me into this world, and some how or other, I intend to take them with me when I go out of it. I acquit you of all blame. I assume the responsibility. If I die I take all blame myself, splinter me up, and try to save my limbs." They took him at his word, and splintered him up. He slowly began to amend. For months he was disabled from field duty. At length he had convalesced so far as to visit the Capital of the "so-called" Confederate States, where he received the commission of a Brigadier General. He also, while in Virginia, on this trip, visited his old home in Prince Edward, and mingled with his relatives and friends, many of whom had known him as a boy. He was able to walk with the aid of a crutch, one leg, (that which had received the slightest fracture) he considered entirely well. Alas! he never recovered the use of the other entirely—nay, it was the cause of his death.

From this time General Allen was never in the field. He had been for some years an honorable and influential citizen of Louisiana; Had sympathized deeply with the oppressed people of his adopted State. They looked to him now as the man for the times, and placed him by acclamation in the gubernatorial chair. Well he justified their high opinion.—No Governor in the whole Confederacy was more energetic.—Every one read and remembers the clarion notes of his inaugural address. If Butler's hide were not as thick as a rhinoceros', he would have felt the barbed arrows of this young champion of the women of New Orleans. His message was in a different tone. It was calm, able, dignified, statesman-like. The one was the loud clarion peal summoning the clan to rally—the other the cool, deliberate orders of the commander to the men assembled on the field. He lost his earthly all in the war. From being a man of princely wealth, when I heard from him last at Shreveport, whither the seat of Government of Louisiana was removed, he had but a single horse, and one servant, the wreck of a magnificent estate.

It remains but to state that when news reached him of the surrender of Lee and Johnston, in company with others whose hopes were buried with the Confederacy, he went to Mexico.—

Here he edited the Mexican *Times*. I have seen several numbers of his paper. It was conducted with great ability. He seemed to cherish great regard for the Emperor and Empress, who extended a welcome to the exile, a welcome that it seems they themselves shall soon need from some friendly power. For more than a year, from his retreat in Mexico, Gov. Allen was able to watch the events as they shaped themselves in his native land. He loved his home, in the land of his exile.—At length the summons came to join "the innumerable host" of patriots that have gone "to the pale realm of shades." His wound never entirely healed. He left the city of Mexico, it is said, to seek surgical aid in France—but at Cordova he was stricken down and yielded his spirit up to God—another martyr to the "lost cause" of his country.

His remains have been brought to Louisiana that they may rest among the people he loved so well. No booming cannon was allowed to announce their arrival at New Orleans. But a nobler demonstration was made than cannon roar or muffled drum. Amid the tears of thousands whom he loved and for whom he died, his noble form was laid to rest till the archangel's trumpet shall awake it at that dread tribunal, where all the wrongs of earth shall be redressed.

"Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my early days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.*

It comes well here, in the order of incidents connected with the Fair, to notice the bull-fight which ended the festivities of the occasion. I have concluded, however, to pass that spectacle over for the present; and it may be that some apology is due for this course. I have never, indeed, in the first place, estimated Spanish character by that splendid national game as much as we foreigners are usually inclined to do—for none of us seem to think of Spain or Spaniards without thinking also of the bull-fights. I believe, contrariwise, that Spain has many worse things and many better things than that favorite sport. But, chiefly, by way of apology, let me say that it is always best to get the highest style in every art, even in the art of killing bulls.—And it was at Seville I heard, that the famous Montes, the best sword in Spain, celebrated in all books of travels for twenty years before my visit, had returned to the arena and was then engaged at Madrid. Let us wait, therefore, till we have finished our bird's-eye view of the Peninsular, and get back to the Capital, where, during the course of the summer, we shall often see this unmatch-

* Continued from page 331.

ed swordsman in the ring. For it is not more certain that Napoleon was the first slayer of men than that Montes is the first slayer of cattle.

TRIANA:

I used sometimes to cross the Guadelquiver by its venerable bridge of boats, and spend an hour or two in Triana—a Gipsy Town immediately opposite Seville.—You see many of this strange tribe of people wandering over Spain. I was curious to see something of their life and manners in a settlement almost exclusively their own. Triana looks wretched enough—wretched streets—wretched huts—wretched inhabitants. And worse than wretched. All is filth too.—Naked children, old men surly and gruff, old hags withered and witch-like, eye you through the chinks or broken windows, silently and sinisterly, as you pass.—You never see anybody at work. You never hear the least stir of business. You wonder how they live. The secret is, that a certain portion of the tribe, especially the younger part, is always off on distant expeditions, trafficking chiefly in horses, practising the arts of palmistry, or pilfering generally, while the old and infant class remain at home and subsist on the gains of these expeditions.

On the occasion of one of my visits, with a Spanish friend, anxious to see more of Gipsy life than it was possible to see by merely sauntering along the streets, we addressed the old and ugly women sitting at the door of a hut. They were communicative, and the conversation resulted, as we hoped, in an invitation to go in. We found inside two other women and two men. One of the women was young and pretty.—Her regular, delicately chiseled, sun-burnt features, her glossy raven hair, her fine piercing black eyes would have made her a beauty of any land, or of any race. The men, rather youthful in appearance, sat silent and unsocial to themselves in a corner. The first thing which excited remark and (shall I add?) admiration was a complexion and a color of hair very unusual in Spain: And they proceeded forthwith to fix my local habitation, which they placed in many countries—yet missed America, after all.—Indeed the extent and accuracy of their geographical knowledge, surprised me much. They knew the names and relative positions of most of the States in Europe, and around the Mediterranean. I asked how they came by their information? They answered that some of them had traveled—but they had learned most of what they knew from their own people, whom they had seen from those various parts of the world. "The Gipsies," they said, "are everywhere, and brethren wherever they are." But of our Model Republic, they were wholly ignorant: and, in turn, became very inquisitive of me concerning every item of interest touching my country. Some of their questions were amusing: Were our people all fair complexioned and red-haired? How far distant was my country, and how could one get there? Who was King? Had

we large cities and large rivers? What language did we speak? Had we fine horses; and finally, were there any Gipsies among us? As well as I could, I gratified their attentive curiosity.—They seemed believing until I told them we had no Gipsies: whereat they betrayed symptoms of incredulity, for which I inquired the cause, when they said, that a country with fine horses and without Gipsies could not be. I was not able to understand the necessary connection between these two things—but they persisted that they always went together, and I had to yield the point by way of complaisance.

Meanwhile we had distributed some cigars, and had ordered some wine. The two men now came out of their silence and their corner. The sociability was general and cordial. The chance seemed opportune for seeing what I had long desired to see—a genuine Gipsey dance. I had seen imitations of it on the Spanish stage, but much tempered down to refined tastes, as I found when I came to witness the original.—My Spanish friend made the proposal, which was at once accepted, with the proviso that we would pay something for the sight. A guitar was sent for; and soon a set of four took the floor and danced till we had enough of it. Well: what shall I say of a Gipsey dance? It consists of wierd-like gyrations, exceedingly wild and fantastic, but overmuch wanton and immodest mingled with songs which, though not unmusical, gives a strange savagery to the whole performance. It was not unlike what I fancy an Indian dance to be.

I had purchased a few days before a small pocket-dictionary of the Gipsey language. I took occasion to use a word or two, curious to see whether the book might be relied on. They understood the words; and immediately asked how much I knew of their language, and how I had acquired it! I assured them I knew nothing of it, and then displayed my dictionary as the source whence I had derived the word or two I had used. They protested warmly and all together, that I could not have depended for learning their language upon books, and said repeatedly *es mentira*—"it is all a lie"—meaning anything put down in the books concerning the Gipsey speech. They said I could only learn their language by living among them, which I thought would be paying too much for the whistle. I was satisfied, however, notwithstanding their protestations, with the accuracy of my dictionary, though at much loss to comprehend why they wished to deceive or mislead me about it until my Spanish friend afterwards explained this trait, with other things, in this singular people.

I expressed a wish to have my fortune told. One of the women offered to bring her mother, who, she said, was the best fortune-teller in Spain. She was brought; and certainly she embodied all that is horrible in our conceptions of a witch. After paying her a *peseta* by way of fee, she proceeded to read the lines in my hand, which she did with many signs

and mystic mumblings. I need not record her prophecy, which was but the usual twaddle of charlatanry, not remembered now even by myself. But I can well recall, nor without a shudder, the ghastly smile, the shriveled features, the sinister expression, the malignant leer of the dark soothsayer of Triana.

Walking back to Seville, my Spanish friend told me something concerning the Gipsies, which interested me greatly, and may not be unentertaining to you.—They form no inconsiderable part of the population of Spain, and constitute a distinct community—a sort of *imperium in imperio*—with their own laws, customs and manners. Their maxims of government are enforced with inexorable severity, not by the aid of Courts of their own, which are denied them by the Spaniards, nor of any regular organism, which requires formal and public administration; but simply by a peculiar system of free masonry built upon the pride of race, which accomplishes among them what positive institutions do for other nations, and render them the most intensely exclusive and unamalgamative tribe on earth. They have something of an oral literature—nothing written. In fact books are their abomination. They esteem their language itself as a part of their arcana, and fear lest the art of writing, if practiced by them, might lead the profane world into the mysteries of their Eleusinia. Hence they tried to persuade me that my dictionary was untrustworthy: and had they got their fingers on it, my friend said, they would have held on to it either by force or fraud.—Nevertheless, in spite of their aversions to books, they were uncommonly quick-witted and well-informed. I had formed a low opinion of their morals. I was assured, on the contrary, that, whatever they might be among themselves, they were singularly free from lustful practices with other nations. They value pure Gipsy blood above all price: and the woman, who falls into strange loves, is cut off from her tribe by a secret and terrible concision.—Such indulgences, however, on the part of the sex, rarely or never occur. The art of palmistry, whereby they impose so largely upon the Gentiles, is really not deemed a system of imposture among themselves—but a kind of sacred knowledge rather. Such horrid crones, as the one they brought to decypher my own destiny, are reckoned to be endowed with a portion of divinity. Indeed the only religion they have, seemed to connect itself somehow with this art. It is their religion. They observe no rites. They have no worship. They never accord even an external conformity to the Catholic Church. I endeavored to draw them out on this subject, but received only silence for answers. They are not addicted to daring violations of the law—but their incorrigible habits of thievery gives the Spanish authorities much annoyance. Finally, my friend said, they never improve—they never advance. What they were when they came into the Peninsular ages ago, they are now.

ITALICA—CUESTA AND PALOS.

There are several pleasant excursions around Seville—to Italica, for instance, where we are carried back in Roman history to that Scipio, who defeated Hannibal, and who founded this city A. U. C. 547. It was also the birth-place of three Roman Emperors—Trajan, Adrian and Theodosius. But of all its Roman life nothing remains only the ruins of an Amphitheatre, which, had Time, the adorner of ruins, been let alone, would still exist almost equal to the Coliseum at Rome.

"The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?"

The lazy Spaniard—the unpoetic corporation of Seville. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, a large portion of the materials was removed and employed in constructing a Royal Road to Badajos. The spoliations thus effected have much impaired the grandeur of the structure as it stood in its prime, or even as it might have been seen a hundred years ago, like the melancholy mausoleum of an Empire's dust, half-buried in earth and all overspread with herbage and vines:

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
Matted and mass'd together hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight."

Yet assuredly nothing is here for tears, and we may well restrain our vain regrets over the demolition of this stupendous pile. Our age is eminently unclassic and utilitarian; and, after all, a good road is a better thing than an amphitheatre, where wild beasts and wilder men bearded each other to the inhuman shouts of a Roman mob. Rome herself has left us roads which will eternize her better civilization, while her bloody games but tarnish the pictured page of her story.

Not far from Italica, is the village of Cuesta—a village of, perhaps, a dozen mean houses—yet it is the death-place of a life uneclipsed in glory and in crime.—In one of the meanest houses, over the door of a shed-room, ten feet square, more fit for a pig-sty than for a human habitation, read these words; "HERE DIED HERNANDO CORTEZ, A VICTIM TO DISGRACE AND SORROW, THE GLORY OF SPAIN, THE CONQUEROR OF MEXICO—HE EXPIRED DEC. 2, 1547." This squalid spot—such a death-chamber—such an end of such a career—is likely to make older heads than schoolboys, and wiser men than weeping philosophers, dream dreams of human vanity, and take knowledge of "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

I spent a day or too in an excursion to Palos—the little seaport whence Columbus sailed, after eighteen years of hope deferred, on his voyage of discovery, and to which, within eight months, he returned the successful discoverer, whom all the world have since delighted to honor. I need not describe it. There is, in truth, not much to describe; and, besides, the graceful pen of Mr. Irving, who visited Pa los in 1828, has pre

ceded me in the task. Nothing can be added in point of style or of information to his graphic account, which may be found in the 3rd vol. of his Columbus. There was no change in the condition of things since the period of his visit. Mr. Ford, it is true, in his "Handbook of Spain," says the Government had ordered, in 1846, the Convent of La Rabida to be fitted up as an asylum for invalid soldiers. I observed, however, no preparations of that sort; and it is to be hoped none will be made. The Convent should rather remain, while time lasts, dedicated to the same uses and preserved as much as possible in the same state as when Columbus, wearied with his long journey on foot, begged at its humble gate for bread and water for his little boy. Touching it is, indeed, and more like the ways of God than any other event in the divinely-guided life of the Discoverer, that, cast off by Princes and Nobles, his wandering feet should have been directed hither to this by-corner of Spain, where he found a welcome sympathy for his sufferings, and an intelligent appreciation of his great argument. There is, too, in beholding the earth, the sky, the sea about Palos, a certain mournful awe, which one does not realize on scarcely any other spot rendered immortal by what is greatest in human thought or in human action: for there is only earth and sky and sea left here to connect us in imagination with the grandest idea and most perilous adventure known to the modern age. The little village, indeed, remains miserably decayed and dwindled down to not more than three hundred inhabitants. The white walls of La Rabida rise conspicuously on its neighboring hill amid a dark forest of pine trees. But of what we expect as in some measure suggestive of the lofty enterprise of Columbus—of Palos, the sea-port, with its bustling commerce; not even a wreck is left to tell the tale; no trace of a wharf or landing-place or warehouse, or barque or harbor, where proud navies might ride; absolutely nothing! So the mind, undisturbed by mere perishable memorials of the past, is all the more sadly awe-impressed by the amplitudes of natural scenery—of earth and sky and sea, which endure forever. We feel, after all, that there is a harmony between the heroic character of Columbus and the simple grandeur of the scene whence he embarked on his heroic voyage. We admire that Providence which, through so much tribulation, at last sent him forth from this obscure place, as another Nazareth, to bless the nations and to double the area of the world. Undoubtedly, if the finger of God had not indicated the way, the shore-line of the globe itself hardly contains a port which had not been rather selected as the point of departure for such an expedition.

Mr. Irving represents the inhabitants of Palos as totally ignorant, and as scarcely knowing even the name of America. He is doubtless correct. I am not sure, however, but we deserve to be forgotten and unknown in that memorable locality, till we learn to show them better treatment.—

They see the face of an American almost never. We pass by on the other side even to places of far less interest. This is not well.—America is a great debtor to Palos, which should be a Mecca to every American in Spain. Her intrepid seamen were the earliest companions and coadjutors of Columbus—many of them, it is true, forced into his perilous service—but still they were by his side on the unfathomed waste of waters, and stood to their work, all things considered, with commendable resolution and fortitude. Yet we go on, by a kind of bathos, christening our towns and villages after Rome and Athens and Corinth and Utica, while Palos, whose history is indissolubly linked to ours, is still unhonored and unsung.

One is struck everywhere in this part of the Peninsular with the falling off in the character of the population, compared to what that character was three hundred years ago. It is known to all who are familiar with the early settlement and conquest of Spanish America, that the race of men, most of whom were from the Province of Andalusia, sent out by Spain for a century after the discovery of the New World—the followers of Columbus and Vasco Nunez, of Cortez and Pizarro—never had an equal, if a rival, in hardy virtues and heroic exertions. The most stirring events of our North American history—even our Plymouth Rock and our Jamestown, it must be owned, read like dull, tedious annals by the side of what they mightily did and mightily suffered. They were formed, indeed, and specially endowed for the prodigious work given them to do; nor did they do it negligently.—Besides an intense love of country and a burning zeal for "the Faith," they illustrated superbly a proud contempt of pleasure, an untamed spirit of adventure, an unconquerable energy and a capacity for endurance, which defied hunger and thirst, cold and heat, want and nakedness, disease and death. Of such stern stuff to will and to do and to suffer, were these men made. Such were the splendid qualities which have cast a halo even around their crimes. But we look in vain for their like among their descendants. The contrast in the Andalusian of this century is painful. He seems incapable of high resolve or of high endeavor. There he goes lazily about his easy work, or rather there he lies sprawling, the live long day, listlessly, in the shade, loquacious, indolent, unwarlike. If he rouses up to effort at all, it is spasmodically and wildly wasted in frolic and sport.

How is this? Is it that Spain, in a single century of superhuman energy, spent all her vigor and vitality? Just as among individuals sometimes an over-strain brings exhaustion for long after it, if not death itself. Is it that Andalusian manhood is not dead—but only dormant? Or must we rather search for the cause of this radical change of character in the laws and policies of Spain? With our thoughts employed on the solution of this problem, we return to Seville.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MEN IN GREY.

Our conquered heroes homeward came,
Gone from their eyes the glance of flame
Marked on their brows the touch of shame
And walking wearily.
In tattered coats of dear old grey,
In dusty, weary, worn array,
Their banners—flaunting once and gay,
Now drooping drearily.

Ah! different from the longed for day
When back would come the dear old grey,
With glory crowned, with victory gay
As Hope had painted them.
There was no trumpet's stirring sound,
No smiles of triumph circling round,
But flags that trailed along the ground,
Red with blood that sainted them.

Yet these had fought in Freedom's cause
And known nor let, nor doubt, nor pause;
They gloried in the glorious scars,
That sealed their souls to liberty.
They rushed in whirlwinds to the fight
They swept the foe, before their might
They gave their blood and lives for right,
Their sacred soil, and victory.

They fainted in the summer's heat
They marked the snow with bleeding feet
They starved, and fought, in cold and sleet
And bore their banners haughtily.
They waited in their dungeons dim,
They smiled amidst the rigors grim
Of faithless foes, and raised the hymn
Of Hope still loftily.

They saw their blazing homesteads fall,
And misery like a funeral pall,
Dark lowering, slow envelope all,
That Earth held dear to them.
But, guiding still, through faint and far,
They saw the rays of Freedom's star,
And dared the utmost curse of war
To bring it near to them.

With hope serene, devotion high
Unwavering hearts, unflinching eye—
Their very women learned to die,
As died the heroes teaching them.
Four years their deeds of glory shone,
They bore the battle up alone,
The World against them, and their own
Strong hearts supporting them.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

CHAPTER IV.

"Called woman because taken out of man."

"Grand-father, do you consider women inferior animals?"

The speaker, a slight slip of a girl about seventeen, was perched up in an arm chair so large, that her trim figure bore the same relative proportion to the amount of green morocco by which she was surrounded, that a small island does to a huge lake. "My dear, I do not consider them animals of any sort!" was the mildly admonishing reply as the old gentleman pushed back his spectacles, shut up the book, he was reading; and looked kindly at the young speaker. "Well, but do you consider them inferior, Grandpa? I have been reading St. Paul's Epistles, and he certainly does'nt seem to have a very exalted opinion of my sex!"

"St. Paul was so exalted himself, and had such a high standard of excellence, that"—

"But Grandpa, it has been so from the beginning, and we have been made to occupy the lower position. Just think of Adam! Eat as many apples as he wanted, then when the trouble came, instead of standing up boldly and meeting it, he turned round on "the woman, which THOU gavest me!" A double thrust, Grandpa, and you can neither deny, nor defend it! And it has been so ever since—we have to bear the blame of everything! I wish I was a man!—they take all the cream off existence, and leave us the bluest kind of skim milk! I suppose it must be so till the end of the world, for as we all know, woman is God's arriére pensée."

"Why, Charley, my child, these are very peculiar sentiments for so young a girl!—where did you get them?"

"From nature, I think, Grandpa. She intended me for a boy I know, and I do wish she had carried her intention into effect! Was'nt I named Charles Lee Preston before I was born? Am I not a living reproduction of Aunt

Betsy Trotwood's disappointment? Is'nt my very name, given me by poor Mamma, a boy's name? And look at my hair!—fix it as I may, it will curl close to my head in great locks just like a boy's!"

"It is mighty pretty hair, anyhow, Charley!" and a loving hand was laid tenderly on the bright curls. "'Pretty'—there it is! As if all a woman needs, is to be pretty! If you had been talking to Frank, you would have told him of some glorious deed, he must emulate, or given him some difficult study to conquer, but because I am a girl; you pat me on the head, and tell me I am pretty!

Grandma's quite as bad; she thinks women were made just to keep house, nurse sick people, take care of negroes, and knit stockings. Frank looks on them as pretty china toys, but considers them as the old Romans did—"impedimenta," and as for the Professor, he is as bad in his ideas of woman, as Mahomet himself!"

"Now! now! Charley; you are unfair; if ever there lived a man, who looked on woman with the devotion of a knight and the veneration of a saint, it is James Douglas Stuart!" "Still Grandpa, he looks on us as Milton did on Eve—mighty handy things to have about a house, and good to pick vegetables and pare fruit, but as much beneath Adam, as Adam was below the Angel!"

"Here he is to answer your sauciness as it deserves," said Colonel Preston, as the library door was softly opened and a gentleman walked slowly in. He was tall and very spare, the latter fact proceeded more from a lack of robustness than from any want of health, and his limbs of unusual length, though well shaped individually, were so loosely put together as to produce at first sight an impression of a want of proper proportion. His face more than atoned for this, however, not only by the perfect regularity of its clear cut features, but by an indefinable sweetness of expression, and a something which made all who looked on him feel that the gentle purity which it displayed, was the true reflex of the man's nature. For the rest, his clothes awkwardly put on, and totally innocent of even an approximation to fashion, his long hands white and delicate as a woman's and above all a dreamy, preöccupied look in his gentle eyes, plainly proved that he was one more given to the study of books than of men.

He did not speak, but sinking down into a chair by the large fire of hickory logs, held his hands out over the inviting blaze unconscious of any presence in the room but his own.

"I say, James, defend yourself and your sex against the assault of this saucy girl—she is too much for me!" said the Colonel cheerily. "Eh? Ah!—I beg your pardon, but I had just found the solution to a problem, which had bothered me somewhat, and it absorbed me."

"I wish you would solve mine," said Charley, walking to the side of the fire opposite his seat, and holding out a remarkably small and pretty foot over the bed of glowing coals.

"What is it, Miss Charley?" he said, looking up to the young girl with a pleasant smile.

"Oh! a subject of small importance in your eyes, as it concerns woman!" was the reply in the tone of a petted child.

"You are mistaken, Miss Charley; you do not understand the extent of my regard for those, whom I consider the Master-piece of the Master! Tell me, what your problem is, and I may be able to help you clear it."

"Well, Professor, I feel that woman is so hampered and bound down as it were—condemned to a state of inactive inferiority—governed by laws she did not make, and subject to the will of a court in which accuser, witness, judge, jury and executioner are all one and the same person! I think she has the husks of life, and you all, the ripe corn—woman's life is made up of such very little things! I do not wish her to vote, or claim any of the horrid rights, the Yankees talk about. I do not want to unsex my sex, nor in any way to usurp the privileges of yours; but I do think, Professor, that you men might abate a little of your lordly assumption—might give yourselves a few less I-am-Sir-oracle-airs—and might think a little more highly of our best performances than lies in the faint praise you give, 'very good, for a woman!' You are arrogant, and conceited, and opinionated, and unkind, and you cannot deny it!" and Miss Charley's little foot was brought down on the hearth with an emphatic tap.

"I assure you, Miss Charley," said the Professor aghast at the turn the girl's attack had taken, and seeming to feel that he was individually responsible for the accumulated sins of his sex, "My dear young lady, I do solemnly assure you, that such a thought even as you ascribe to me, has never entered my mind! I revere woman! I think your sex approximates to the angels!—could almost"—

"Could you love one of us, Professor?"

The poor Professor raised his eyes in absolute consternation to the bright face opposite to him, which was certainly pretty enough to retain the gaze of any who looked at it, while the blood mounted to his very temples.

"Upon my life, Miss Charley" he faltered, "I do not know—I never tried—I—I might!"

"Do not fatigue yourself with the immense exertion!" was the cool reply. "You had better go and change your coat; it must be wet to judge from the streams of vapor which poured from it."

"It is, James—so it is! wringing wet!" said the Colonel, laying his hand on the Professor's shoulder," have you been out in the storm?"

"Yes sir; Stephen told me that the family, which moved last week to the house on the Broad fields' road was in great distress, and the man, whom I knew in Williamsburgh, wished to see me, he is ill, and I went to see him!"

"Without your cloak, of course!" broke in Charley.

"No, Miss Charley, you are mistaken; I did put on that tried old friend of mine, and in it bade defiance to rain and wind." I made my visit, and the family is a

case for the kind offices of you ladies,—and was returning, when I saw coming along the road from the direction of the river, an object which I at first thought, was an animal. Upon coming nearer, I found that it was a woman, a girl rather, scarcely so old as yourself, and the most pitiable looking creature I ever beheld.

She was thinly clad and her clothes were all plastered with mud and drenched with rain, and she was suffering so much from cold and physical prostration that I feared she would fall in the road. I spoke to her, and succeeded in learning that she was on her way to Broad-fields, but did not know its exact location. So I begged her to let me take her there" ("Four additional miles in such a storm as this" sotto voce, from Charley") and as the poor child was too much exhausted to refuse, I wrapped her up in my old cloak, and managed to get her to the door of Broad-fields, with, I trust, less discomfort than she would otherwise have had.

When we got to the door, she pleaded so earnestly that I should leave, that I did so; and, Miss Charley, I confess it, I forgot my cloak, and did not think of it until unpleasantly reminded by the rain."

"Just like you, Professor!—you ought to have a keeper!" said the girl in a voice, she tried to make sharp.

"I know it, Miss Charley" was the gentle reply, "Now I'll take your advice and change my coat, for I begin to feel very uncomfortable."

"Do please," said the girl "and I'll coax Mammy to make you a cup of her especial coffee, and I'll fix your supper myself, and send it up to you, and after you eat it, you can go to work on "Hector" until I send you a glass of hot punch, after which, you are to go straight to sleep. I can perform these little services—being little, they are suited to a woman!" and sweeping the sauciest courtesy, she ran off.

"James," said the old gentleman "Where did that girl get the notions she has expressed? If ever there was a petted child on this earth, or one made so much of an idol, I have never known it.

What does she mean about inferiority and arrogance and all that?—it is not natural at her age—she talks like an old woman!"

"She is an uncommon girl in all respects, and far beyond her years. She has been brought up with persons much older than herself, and she thinks deeply, that's all, Colonel. It is all natural enough; she has just learned to fly, and she feels that the world itself is scarcely wide enough for the compass of her wings. Do not try to check her; let a few years roll over her head and she will get her true poise and find that in the sphere, she now considers so circumscribed, lie the highest rights and greatest privileges that God has vouchsafed to mortals."

"I trust so, James, if it will make the child happier—she is the very apple of my eyes, and the joy of my life. I think her perfect, and the worst of it is that I cannot conceal my opinion, and the little rogue takes advantage of it and me!

Wife begins to say it is time for her to think of marrying—she was a year younger when we were married—and has set her heart on Charley and Frank making a match in the old Virginia style. I am not much in favor of first cousins marrying, but if Charley loves the boy, I am willing. I'll not oppose her marriage with any one except a Bostonian, and then by George, I'd stop the ceremony, if I had to shoot the rascal at the altar!"

"No fear of that contingency! She does not love our Boston brethren any more than you do. But, Colonel, can you be in earnest on the subject of Miss Charley's marriage? Why it seems only a few weeks ago, since I left William and Mary to become tutor to her and Frank, when she was a little thing in her short dresses, and the very impersonation of fun and mischief. Ready to be married! How old I must have grown!"

"You do not shew it, James," said the old gentleman heartily, "but you had better go to your room. If that little tyrant finds you here, you may look out for a storm of indignation."

After he had left the room, Colonel Preston sat in his arm chair by the glowing fire, absorbed in silent thought, until he was joined by Charley, who kneeling down on the rug beside him, laid her bright head on his knee, and shared his silence for a while.

"Grandpa," she said at last, "I am a bad, wayward, ungrateful girl, and do not deserve one half the blessings God has given me!—Here I am with every thing that heart can ask for—not one wish ungratified, or one desire ungranted, with you and Grandma, and aunt Eliza and Frank to love me, and yet I am dissatisfied and discontented, full of whims and fancies, and unable to bear any contradiction. I have been thinking of that poor young girl the Professor met—thinking of her miserable condition, and contrasting it with mine, and, Grandpa, it has done me good! I will try to be a a better girl than I have been!" and a pair of soft arms were clasped round his neck, and a warm cheek was pressed to his.

"Don't, child—don't!" said the old gentleman, hastily, with a huskiness in his voice, "if you get any better, you will die! You are plenty good enough for me now. There, there—don't think of such things, and I'll send to Richmond to-morrow and order you a set of jewelry."

"Thank you, Grandpa—I do not wish any more jewelry: Grandma's and Mamma's is more than enough for me. But if you will get me a little love of a pistol I saw on main street, oh! Grandpa, I will be so happy!"

"And shoot yourself with it the first time you use it!"

"No, indeed! I am going to learn to be a famous shot. Uncle Jack is to put up a target, and Frank is to give me lessons as soon as he comes, and I am determined to make the most of them!"

"Humph, child! I am inclined to think Frank will give you lessons in another art!"

"Well, I am willing, provided he and it are agreeable," was the light reply. "But I must go and

see to the poor professor's supper. Why do you not go up to his room and take tea with him?—it will be so cosy. Grandma, does not feel well enough to come down stairs this evening, and she and mammy are in their state of highest enjoyment, nursing and being nursed. I sometimes think that the greatest proof of affection I can positively give Grandma, would be to have a spell of illness that she might have the pleasure of nursing me, and I do not know but it is undutiful in me not to give her the opportunity!"

"Very well, Miss; think as you please, but be convinced that the highest proof you can give me is to stay well, Charley, my darling!" said the old gentleman as he kissed her rosy cheek.

"You do not know, my child how completely my life is wrapped up in yours. You know, darling, that ever since I was born, I have had an unmitigated hatred of Bostonians, and the feeling deepens with my age, and their evil doings.

But Charley child, to keep you well and make you happy, I'd open my heart to the entire Yankee nation! I can't say any more than that!"

Now run along; send up some of old Chloe's best waffles and biscuits,and a piece of broiled venizon—don't forget the jelly. And child, send up two glasses of punch! Remember the family recipe, and make the punch like woman's temper ought to be—with the sweet perponderating over the acid!" The directions of the Colonel were obeyed to the letter; a delicious supper was served up in the room of the suffering Professor, and in due time the two steaming punches sent up by the hands of uncle Jack, Colonel Preston's body servant, who had attended his master from his boyhood through his wild college days, and the scarcely less wild ones when he was a member of the House of Delegates, and who now ruled over him with a tyranny which was ludicrous.

Then the sprightly tea-maker after a visit to her Grand-mother's room, and a lively chat with her, said good night and went off to her pretty chamber.

Dismissing Mandy her foster sister and maid, Miss Preston performed the task of disrobing for the night, without other assistance than that of her own nimble fingers.

First the little lace collar and ribbon were removed from the neck, and the bright merino dress laid aside; next the snowy skirts were lifted over the head, then a spring touched in front of the rounded waist, when with a clicking and metallic sound, down came the wide expanse of crinoline, while Miss Charley stepped out of its steel circle, considerably collapsed, but all the prettier. A somewhat similar mechanical operation was repeated and numerous springs and curls were sent in a lively motion, and then with a stretch upward of the plump white arms, and a long drawn sigh of relief, off came the little French "railroad" corsets, and the dimpled shoulders of the wearer rose in unrestricted freedom.

The snowy night gown was now slipped over the head, and its

delicate frills daintily adjusted to the throat and wrists. Next the mirror was visited, and the charming little *moues* made at the bright face it reflected, and then seizing the brush, the girl, proceeded to apply it to her glossy curls until they shone like satin.

Thence to the wash-stand, where teeth white as cocoa-nut meat, were rubbed until they gleamed still whiter, and the rosy face dipped in the gilded basin of pure, cold water until it glowed with renewed crimson. And then drawing a low seat close to the fire, the young girl laid one pretty foot lightly on her knee and began to unlace the tiny boot which encased it; in a few moments both little feet were bare in their childish beauty, and pressed down on the hot bricks of the hearth, while a careful measurement was made as to the relative lengths of the big toe and the one next to it, for in this important difference depends the momentous question as to which of two shall rule in the future married life of the measurer. It having been decreed by mysterious and immutable signs, that should the great toe be the longer, the forthcoming lord of the lady will be her master as well, while if the second has the preëminence, a similar fate is in store for herself, and her only master will be her own sweet will.

In the present instance, both of the soft pink toes were of such sameness of length, that the inference was sufficiently clear that destiny decreed the married life of Miss Charley Preston should be a state of equal rights.

That young lady sat still and amused herself by doing a little prospecting in the way of gazing down into the coals glowing before her, and then taking her Bible from its stand, she read the lessons appointed for the evening, then knelt and said her simple prayers. A puff of fragrant breath from a pair of rosy lips, and out went the candle, leaving the room lighted only by the rich fire light. Then unbolting the door that Mandy, who slept in her young mistress's room, might gain access, when it should please her to leave the delights of the kitchen, the young girl turned back the soft blankets, and snowy sheets of her bed, made the impress of her rounded figure in its downy depth, laid her innocent head upon the tastefully trimmed pillow, and went to her happy dreams.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISCELLANEA.

CURIOUS MISTAKE IN FABULOUS GEOGRAPHY.

In answer to the question: where was situated the Island on which Robinson Crusoe spent so many years? nine out of ten of the readers—and all readers are admirers—of Defoe's inimitable story, will reply: off the coast of Chili, on the western side of the South American Continent. A recent writer in a British Magazine (and the article has appeared also in the Richmond *Eclectic*) giving an account of a visit to the Island of Juan Fernandez, represents himself, when first setting his foot on its soil, as unconsciously looking around on all sides for the remains of Robinson's cave. He saw many things to remind of Defoe's wonderful story! The accuracy of his descriptions is really marvellous! Several years ago, John Rosse Browne, or Browne Rosse (I do not remember which,) an author of some reputation as well as pretension, visited this same Juan Fernandez. He, too, *almost* saw the ruins of the cave, and of the folds in which Robinson penned his goats; with other traces of his habitation and handiwork! Alas! what tricks the fancy—that of tourists writing for the papers, especially—will play!

Now, it happens that, Crusoe is very precise in the location of his Island. He gives the exact latitude and longitude; and, according to his account, to be found in more than one place in his narrative, it was situated quite on the other side of the Continent, and many degrees north of Juan Fernandez. He places it in the very mouth of the Orinoco river.

It has been conjectured that Defoe derived the hints of his story from the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who, it is said, *did* live, in solitude, for seven years, on Juan Fernandez, but the fact that Robinson Crusoe's adventures are located at so great a distance from his, is perhaps a full counter-balance to the very slight reasons on which the conjecture is founded.

ANECDOTE OF GOVERNOR ORR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The anecdote given below I find going "the round of the papers," the scene laid in England, (I am glad it is not *New* England) and the *dramatis personæ* represented as Oxford Tutor, and a gentleman whilom student in that renowned University. We, of the South, have so long been accustomed to be plundered of our goods and our rights of every sort, with and without pretence of law, that it may seem late in the day to offer either objection or complaint; still I do not feel willing that this fine specimen of genuine ready wit should be filched from us.

The parties were the Rev. Dr. White, of Lexington, Va., and the Hon, J. L. Orr, now Governor of South Carolina. I have myself heard the incident narrated by Dr. W. with that genial heartiness of manner which all

who have enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance will readily recall, and his numerous friends at a distance will rejoice to learn, is not, in any degree, abated by advanced years, nor even by the infirmities of protracted ill-health.

Dr. White, Col. Orr, and other gentlemen had met at a hotel in the mountains of Virginia during the summer of one of the early years of the war. After some minutes, Col. O. accosted Dr. W. with the inquiry: "Were you not Chaplain to the University of Virginia in 18—;" and, on the Dr's. replying in the affirmative, added: "I was a student there at that time, and I recognized you as soon as I saw you walk across the room." (The good Dr. is lame and limps considerably in his walking.) "It seems then, Col. Orr," replied Dr. White, "that my lameness made a deeper impression on you than my preaching did; I cannot feel therefore flattered by your recognizing me after so many years." Col. Orr instantly rejoined: "But, Doctor, you know it is the highest compliment we can pay to one of your profession to say *that he is better known by his walk than by his conversation.*"

AUNT ABBY, THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

It was Valentine's Day, and having spent a large part of the morning in the gallery of both houses of the Legislature "assisting," as the French would say, at the passage of a bill appropriating fifteen hundred dollars to the Ladies Memorial Association, I threw myself on a sofa after my return from the State House, fatigued with the exertion of mounting two pair of stairs, and dropped into a half doze, from which I was roused by the sudden opening of the door and the entrance, unannounced, of a tall, Meg Merrilies looking woman, who walking straight up to where I lay—said,

"I staid last night with Miss Bobbett, and she told me as how you had writ something about Pres*i*dent Davis, and Giniral Lee, for Giniral Hill's book, and I've come over here to give you my 'sperie*n*ce of the war, and git you to write that down too."

She was dressed in deep mourning, with a black silk handkerchief tied over her cap and under her chin, so as to conceal every particle of white, which might otherwise have softened the harsh outlines of her face; over this was stuck a black shaker bonnet which tipped so far forward as almost to rest on her nose; and as I caught the expression of her shrewd black eyes peering at me in a weird and scrutinizing manner, I instinctively felt that her 'sperience would be worth listen-

ing to, and perhaps worth relating to the readers of THE LAND WE LOVE.

I had heard of "Aunt Abby House" and her untiring efforts to obtain furloughs for sick soldiers, ever since the first year of the war, and recognized in her, one of those persons who are best described as being "a character;" so inviting her to take a seat, I pressed her to "give me her 'sperience" then and there. But I soon found she was like a person conscious of sitting for her portrait, and was doing her very worst, from a laudable desire to do her very best. So, taking a hint from my artist friend, Mr. Brown, I set down her age and one or two items, and then throwing my pen one side said to her—

"I cant possibly do it now Aunt Abby, and there is not time to get it done before the next number of 'General Hill's book' comes out. I heard that you had broken your arm not long ago, tell me about that now, and before next court you'll be in town again and will have it all straight for me."

She narrated her accident in its length and breadth, and I then by well turned questions drew her on until, excited by the relation of the past, she forgot she was giving me her "sperience," and poured out the whole story of her life since the commencement of the war. She was sixty-five years old when it began, and though unable to read or write, mastered the rights of the question in her own opinion, and threw herself, heart and soul, like most of the Southern women, into the Confederate cause.

Being a woman of strong character, and one who could use her tongue effectively, she early in life acquired an authoritative air and manner, which very soon placed her in the category of "people who have a way," and enabled her to prove that she also had a will; to which most persons with whom she came in contact submitted. Never was the proverb "where there is a will there is always a way" more clearly demonstrated than in her case. The converse of this maxim is generally equally true, for wherever a person is found with "a way" to which others submit to in them, but would resent in another, it is pretty good proof that, no matter what may be the mental and moral force of such individuals, their strength of will is undoubted.

"Aunt Abby," the name by which she has gradually come to be known, was never known to yield what she conceived to be a right, without a struggle, and has consequently been involved during the greater part of her life in lawsuits, which have brought her in personal contact with the first lawyers of the State. This has doubtless confirmed her natural fearlessness of speech; for among the country people of North Carolina, more especially that much sneered at portion of them who cannot read and write, who are so mourned over by Northern Radicals, but who generally manage notwithstanding to make good citizens, with clear common sense views of politics, the leading law-

yer practising in the courts of the county in which they reside, is regarded as the greatest man in the State, and the Governor and whole executive sink into a secondary position beside him; it is generally believed that he does not hold the highest offices, simply because he would not give up his practice for them, and when he is elected Governor, or sent to Congress they "always knowed he could 'er bin long ago if he wanted to."

Nothing but the best would ever satisfy Aunt Abby, and she who spoke her mind freely to "lawyer Badger, lawyer Miller, or Squire Haywood," had no bashfulness in the presence of President Davis, General Lee, or Governor Vance. To the same cause she probably owes her ability to see more clearly into the merits of a case than most women of her class, and has acquired a facility in the use of her naturally strong mind. "I haint bin a lawin' of it nigh upon thirty years, honey, without findin' out that a bad speaker'll spile a good case, and that's the reason when I's got enything to say I says it right out at head quarters. When you see a lawyer a carryin of a case first to the county court and then to the superior court, and then a flinging of it into the supreme court, you may be pretty shure he is ginerally a trying to stave off a judg*ment* and git time. Now that's jest the way in the army, if you goes to the Captain he sends you to the Major, and if you goes to the Major he sends you to the Curnel, so when I wanted anything I never wasted time on none 'er your under strappers—I went straight to Pres*ident* Davis or Gineral Lee, and I got it."

This was her reply to my question as to what put it first into her head to go to see President Davis. She had eight nephews in the Confederate army, all but one, Edward Sutton of Georgia, in North Carolina regiments.—"Ah! I can tell you what narry a man in my family would I a let stay at home in peace when he was able to shoulder a musket.—I said to them, boys says I, all 'er you go a'long to the field whar you belongs, and if eny on you gits sick or is wounded, you may depend on yer old aunt Abby to nuss and 'tend to you. For so help me God if one on you gits down, and I cant git to you no other way, I'll foot it to your bed-sides; and if arry a one on you dies, or is killed, I promise, before the Lord to bring you home and bury you with your kin."

Faithfully did she keep this promise, five of the eight sleep in soldiers graves, and she never failed in it to one of them. The first year of the war had not closed before she was called on to bring home the body of one of them who had died in the hospital at Petersburg. She went on to nurse him as soon as she heard he was sick, and after remaining with him some time left him, as she supposed, convalescent, and returned to her home in Franklin county; she had not been there long before a letter came telling her if she wished to see him alive she must hasten back; she lived three miles from the depot, and

had only time to reach it before the next train passed by, running a great part of the way. This she did, and got to Petersburg to find her nephew speechless and insensible. "But by a rubbing and doctoring of him, I fotch him round to know me afore he died, and then I brung him home to Franklin to his mother, I sent a nigger on ahead from the depot to tell her I was a coming with Dunc's body, but he never went, and the poor thing never know'd he was dead 'til I drove up in a cart with him. But I could'nt rest 'er nights arter we had buried him for thinking he would'nt 'er died if I had 'er staid thar to 'tend to him; and I said I never would leave another one on 'em in a hospital agin, but jest fetch the next one that tuck sick home and nuss him myself; for I did'nt have no 'pinion of them thar army Sudgins. Some of the neighbors 'lowed Jeff. Davis want a gwine ter let me fetch soldiers off just when I tuck a notion ter; and said thar was an order out that all soldiers in the horse-pitals was to stay thar till they got well.

"Till they dies you'd better say, says I; and if they aint a gwine to let us women bring the boys home and nuss 'em when they's sick, then its a burning shame they don't take better kere on 'em in the horse-pitals; and I've a great mind to go and tell 'em so."

"You'd better," says they, "much Jeff. Davis and Gin'ral Lee's gwine to heed what a ole 'oman like you can say, even if you could get to 'em."

"Well, if they haint got sense enough to know that a ole 'oman knows a sight more about nussing of a man that's down with the measles or the plurissy than these here young Doctors does whose a thinking a sight more about siling of them new uniforms, and a drinking liquor than they is about curing of them that is in the horse-pital, they'd better give up their places to them as has, and go into the ranks; and you all hear me say it now, that the next one of my boys that gits down, I'm gwine ter bring him home if I has to go inter Presi*dent* Davis' bed-chamber to git the papers signed to do it."

It was not long before her resolution was put to the test, another nephew sickened, and Aunt Abby, true to her word set off for Richmond to see President Davis.

"You see, honey," said she, "I did'nt know then izactly whar to strike for him; so I went fust to A-gustis (Custis) Lee's office, Giniral Lee's son you know that was made a Giniral hisself arter that, but who was a clerking then along er Mister Davis; and he told me I could'nt see the Presi*dent* just then, 'cause he was busy, but if I would set down awhile mabe I might git to see him, but thar want no certainty on it.—Says I to myself, young man if you thinks to git rid o' me by that dodge, you don't know Abby House; but I sot down and waited awhile, till I seed the door of the Presi*dent's* room open and two gentle*men* come out on it, and then, afore they had time to shut it, I slips right in, and told him what I wanted. He talked mighty

perlite, but said he could'nt give furloughs to the men as was sick, because if he did, they never would git well and come back. Lord bless your soul President says I, if that's all, you jest sign the paper and trust me to git 'em back—for if ar'er a man that I takes off won't come back when I say the word for him to do it, I'll fetch him back myself. He sorter laughed when I said this, and then I axed him if he had the measels did'nt he think he'd git up sooner if he had a woman to nuss him than he would if he only had a man: He 'lowed he might, but said it wa'rnt the gitting on 'em well he was thinking about, but the gitting on 'em back when they was well, and then I jest up and told him that if he war'nt a gwine to let the boys go home to be nussed, then he oughter to see they was better 'tended to in the horse-pitals. 'Their lives is in your hands says I, and you haint got no right to turn 'em over to a passel o' medikill students, jist out o' school, who half the time when they *is* 'tending to them, is only a trying of 'sperim*ents* upon 'em to see how the truck they gives 'em is a gwine to work."—Then he got serus, and sorter drawd himself up and said, "I'm doing of my very best, Madam, I assure you."

"Well, if you's a doing of your best I should like to see some on it, says I, for I be switched if all I've seed o' your horspitals aint your level worst."

Then he laughed right out, and says you must be that old woman that's been abusing of me so.

Says I, mabe I'm that.

Well, says he, if I tell you what I have hearn you said about me will you own it, if its true?

"I never said a word in one place to deny it in another, says I, and I aint a gwine to begin now."

Then he up and told me what I had said when Dunc died, and I said them's my very words; and moreover, them's my senti*ments;* and he jest tuck up his pen and signed the papers right off, and give me transportation to whar I was a gwine to."

The furst time I seed Gin'ral Lee, he talked the same way, and I jest said to him: "Gin'ral, is that thar boy eny use to you now he's sick?" Says he, "I can't say as he is, Madame, but if I was to send every soldier home who is sick, as I should like to do, I should soon have no army at all."

"Gin'ral," says I, "you jest let me have Marcellus, and if he, or arre man that I carries home, wants to set in the chimbly corner and hide behind me arter I say he is well enough to be of use to you, I'll jest shoulder his muskit and take his place myself, and I'll warrant you I'll be of more sarvice in the ranks than any sick, sneaking coward would be. But you need'nt be afeard o' that, for I can tell you if he was sick he would'nt dare to own it, for I'd make him more afeard of his old aunt Abby than of all the yankees tother side the river."

Her nephew, Edward Sutton, was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg. He was separated from his company, who could not find his body, and supposed he might

have been taken prisoner; but uncertainty would not satisfy Aunt Abby, and she set out to search the battle-field herself; for twelve days she wandered over it unmindful of its horrors, "looking for Ned."

"I was determined I'd never give over till I had looked in the face of every man thar," she said. "Gin'ral Lee he gin me a guard to go 'long o' me, for he was al'ers as good to me as he could be, and I went till I found him. I know'd him when I got in ten steps of him; and says I to the men as was with me, 'yonder's Ned.'—He was a leaning agin a fence, like as if he was a looking over it, and his hand was raised 'bout like he was a holding of his muskit with the butt eend on it a resting on the ground when he was shot; his face was sorter turned over his shoulder, and it seemed to me he was a looking back, and a beckoning on me to come on and keep my promise of burying him with his kin, and he had a sorter peaceful look as if he knowed I would'nt forget it."

"You went to see General Lee and Mr. Davis more than once, didn't you?" said I to her.

"Lord bless you honey, yes, many's the time I've got furloughs for the boys as was sick from both on 'em. Wonst I went into Gin'ral Lee's tent arter he had gone to bed, and shuck him by the shoulder as he lay asleep 'afore the fire, and told him to git up and read a letter I had fotch him from Governor Vance; the men outside, you see, tried to keep me from going in, but, says I, I's got a letter for him from Zeb Vance, the Governor of North Car'lina, and my orders was to put it in nobody's hands but Gin'ral Lee's, and it aint a bit o' use for you to try to keep me from doing on it, for I aint no more afraid o' your bagnets and muskits than I is of so many broom straws and whip poles; so I went right straight in and give him the letter and got the furlough signed to take Marcellus home. You jest write to Zeb Vance, honey, and ax him if I aint carried more'n one letter from him to Gin'ral Lee. And as for *President* Davis, Lord bless you, I got so I didn't mind a going to him a grain. Augustis Lee, he used to be mighty good to me, and would say, "Set down, Aunt Abby, and don't go a bothering of Mister Davis yit awhile, and I'd stay in his room tell I thought he was 'bout through, or oughter be, with them as was with him, and then I'd up and go in. Wonst Augustis, he said to me, 'Mr. Davis is mighty busy to-day, Gin'ral Lee's here to see him and he aint come down yit to his office.'—'Lord,' says I, 'if he and your par gets together they haint no telling when they will git through ther chat, so I'll jest set outside and ketch him afore he goes inter his office. Augustis, he 'lowed I'd better set thar by the fire, but I went out and sot on the steps; presently they come along together, Mr. Davis was a walking fust, he holds his head sorter high when he walks, and he was a talking to Gin'ral Lee so he never seed me, but passed on, I sot still, and Gin'ral Lee he seed me, and sorter smiled and nodded to me,

but never said nothing; and I up and followed him so close that when Mr. Davis turned round to shet the door thar I was inside on it. 'High!' says he, 'and whar did you come from, and how did you git in?' Then Gin'ral Lee says, 'I seed her as we passed;' and he shuck hands with me, and I says, yes, but Pres*ident* Davis holds his head too high to see old friends when they's under his feet; he laughed, and so did the Gin'ral, and then he says—'Well, Aunt Abby, I aint likely to forgit *you*, no matter who else I forgits. What's it now? Furloughs or money?'"

"Both on 'em says I, I've got seven women I'm a taking on to see their husbands, because you wont let their husbands go to see them."

"Then they both on 'em laughed, and Mr. Davis he tuck up his pen and writ something for me to carry to the Secretary of War. I tuck it to him, and he said he could not possibly attend to the papers that day." "But Mister Secretary, says I, I wants 'em right off, and when Pres*ident* Davis sent me to you he thought I'd get them signed at wonst."

"It's impossible, Madame, says he, but you shall have them by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning."

I know'd Mister Davis was monstrous busy, so I says—

"Well, I aint gwine to bother the Pres*ident* no more to-day, so I'll lay these here papers on your table, and its my opinion that when I comes back to-morrow, they'll be a lying here just like I leave 'em now."

The Secretary of War assured her they would be attended to, and she left him, saying as she went out—

"Well, if they's done when I come back to-morrow Mister Secretary, then I'll say, for the fust time in her life Abby House is a liar."

On her retûrn next day she found the papers as she had predicted she would; coolly taking them up she said, "Whose told a lie now Mr. Secretary, you or me?" and plumping herself down in a chair said, "Here I sets now till them papers is fixed. Pres*ident* Davis never did have a Secretary of War that was worth shucks in summer time, 'thout'en it was Mister Randolp, and he would'nt stay 'long o' him 'cause he want a going to be no man's under strapper like the rest o' you is content to be."

When I told the Pres*ident* about it he laughed and says, "So you gin it to the Secretary of War did you?"

"Yes says I, I did, and I can tell you what, Pres*ident* Davis, you never will have a Secertery of War or of anything else that's worth a straw as long as you keep er interfering with 'em so, you's too proud to let ar'er other man have a finger in your pie; if you'd be satisfied with being Pres*ident* and not want to be all the Secerteries too, you'd find you had more'n enuff for one man to 'tend to." Mister Davis he laughed fit to kill hisself, and says, 'So you're gwine to scold me too are you?' Well now 'spose you jest tend to gitting of furloughs and transportation, and

leave me to manage my Secerteries, and I'll promise to do the best I kin by them and you."

"It's a bargain," says I, "for the Lord knows you are a proud man, as you have a right to be, and I don't 'spose my say 's gwine to turn you a hare from your purpose, but I alers speaks what's in my mind I don't kere whom I'm a talking to."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

PULASKY COUNTY, KY.,
December 9, 1833.

DEAR SIR:—In a late communication received from the Hon. J. M. Fulton, there was presented a request from you to me to give you an account of what I knew concerning the character of Hopton, who was hanged by General Campbell during the Revolutionary War. Hopton was of infamous character, and considered a dangerous tory, and as such was arrested by a legal precept and committed to prison in Abingdon; but, it was believed, by the assistance of other tories, the jail door was prized off its hinges and carried half a mile away from the jail. Hopton escaped to the British and obtained a commission and letters to the Cherokee Indians to raise and bring them on to murder the frontier inhabitants.—Gen. Campbell, in company with a James Fullon and a man by the name of Farris, discovered Hopton crossing the road before them, pursued and caught him in the ford of the Middle Fork, about a mile above Capt. Thompson's.—They took him out to the bank, searched him and found the papers above alluded to. Hopton was on a horse which he had stolen, perhaps, not two hours before they caught him, and had a new halter tied on behind him, which, it was believed, he intended for another horse before he left the neighborhood: this served as a means for his execution.

The whole affair, with all its circumstances and the papers, were laid before the Legislature of Virginia, and an act of indemnity for the parties concerned was passed, by a unanimous vote.

* * * * *

Yours respectfully,
S. NEWELL.

To Gen. FRANK PRESTON.

WAR POETRY OF THE SOUTH.

THE truth of the trite saying, that a race of warriors is always succeeded by a growth of writers has been conclusively proved in the two years, which have elapsed since the surrender of the dearest hopes and the noblest cause, which were ever hugged to the heart of a people.

More than one noble hand, which waved the sword and led men on to a charge, which was seemingly certain death, mercifully preserved to its country, now in the retirement of library, or office, employs the pen in quieter work, but such as may yet prove the truth of Richelieu's celebrated assertion.

While many, who are precluded from original literary composition, gather up the works of others with zealous care, and seek to give them, and the themes of which they treat, permanence and perpetuity. The eminent author, whose name appears at the head of this article, combines, both the above avocations in a happy union, for while, with constant and untiring industry, he sends out fresh impressions from the press of his inexhaustible fancy, he has still found time to collect the scattered works of others, and combine them in a book, whose name ought to be a passport to every true Southern heart. Labor for the land he loves so well is no new act on the part of Dr. Simms! From his earliest youth, he has espoused her cause with an impassioned devotion, which was tinctured with the chivalric daring of the beautiful State, which he represents. The interests, the honor, and the glory of the South, have been his watch-words, and nobly has he done duty for them, maintaining them through good and through evil report, with a strength and tenacity of purpose, which seemed ever on the increase.

In the present position of this ardent lover of his country and earnest laborer in her behalf, there is something not only peculiarly touching, but eminently worthy of imitation. Ruined by the war, his beautiful home desolated, his books, valuable, not only for great intrinsic worth, but also, from a thousand hallowed accociations, employed as material for a bon-fire, to light up Sherman's march to Columbia, and the fruits of a long life of honorable labor utterly destroyed, he does not sit hovering over the ruins of the past, but buckling on his armor, throws himself into the teeming present, resolved to conquer Fortune.

Possessed by a spirit of ever active industry, the Nestor of Southern Litterateurs passes his life in an unending round of duties and labors, not only for himself, but for others, who may need his services, and one reads of his passing five days and nights in almost consecutive exertion, and yet on the sixth, such is his wonderful vitality and flow of energy, cheerfully attending a festival in

order to give pleasure to his friends, when he would have greatly preferred the rest to which he was so justly entitled.

What an example this steady pursuit of labor, and readiness to oblige others, presents to younger men, who are wrapped in a selfish indulgence, or waste life, time and reputation while supinely "waiting for something to do!"

One can scarcely estimate the annoyances, nor the vast amount of labor attendant upon the prosecution of Dr. Simms' work, which may well be classed as the pursuit of usefulness under difficulties.

Undertaken at a time when the postal intercourse of the South was confined almost entirely to the great cities along the regular mail route, its author was compelled to rely on such stray scraps of poetry, as he might collect from the fugitive literature of the war, and the productions of those whom he could reach by letter.

Vast quantities of literary material, however, were contributed, the poems amounting to over ten thousand; but it was, unfortunately, an affair in which quantity largely preponderated over quality.

Through all this chaotic mass, Dr. Simms delved most diligently, until he had restored it to order, and extracted from it all that was most valuable and worthy of preservation.

We feel a natural regret when, in looking over the volume of War Poetry, we miss some of the poems most popular during the war, and which are endeared to us for that reason. Among these we may make special mention of "Our Ship," by Harry Flash, containing a beautiful tribute to President Davis, "General Polk" by the same brilliant author, and the "Brave At Home," whose author is unknown, but whose rare beauty entitles it to a place in any collection of poems.

These ommissions are the more to be regretted from the fact, that with the exception of the last named poem, they occur in the smaller work on the same subject by Mr. DeLeon, a work whose selections have been made with such exquisite taste, that each poem it contains is a gem.

That the volume of Dr. Simms does not contain these, and many other really meritorious Southern poems, must be attributed not to any want of appreciation on his part of their merits, but to incomplete mail arrangements, the failure of parties interested, to respond to his earnest appeal, and to the fact that to produce a literary work entirely free of faults, is almost as great an impossibility as to find a perfect human being. Objections have been urged against the "War Poetry of the South," on the score that the author has given undue preponderance to the poets of his native State, but the really unprejudiced judge must decide that in this case, Nature is more to blame than the Doctor.

Whatever may be the ideas of Southern people in regard to State Rights, their estimation of State-pride should be, that all of such feeling shall be merged in one grand consolidation—the South.

If South Carolina have produced a very great number of authors, let us thank God for the fact, and set it down to the credit of the entire South. When that State gives such authors as Davidson, Hayne, Randal, Timrod and the author of the present volume, her claims to prominent recognition in the world of letters are too great to be passed over.

Another accusation which some critics have brought forward against this work, is that it does not do full justice to the genius of the people of the South.

This argument is answered by the explanation given by Dr. Simms in the preface of his work, and may be entirely removed by a hearty response to this effort, and a substantial support secured for it. In which case, the author is ready to do his work over again, and bring it to a state of the highest possible perfection.

Presented in its present form, it is well worthy the gratitude and affection of the people, whose brief history it records, and should be received by them as a welcome addition to the home fireside.—There is scarcely a poem in it, which is not associated with some phase of our national existence, under the influence of which the reader thrills or saddens as the waves of memory sweeps over him. Cold must be the heart, which can remain unmoved while reading "The Return," and "Only one killed," which breathe the very essence of poetry and pathos. Not even Tennyson in his exquisite verses, "Break, break, break, at the foot of thy crags, O sea," has excelled the plaintive beauty of John Esten Cooke's wailing "Band in the Pines," while in respect of artistic finish, and polished sarcasm, John R. Thompson's "England's Neutrality," deserves high literary preëminence. In fervid delicacy, Timrod's "Unknown Dead" is unequaled; "Somebody's Darling" goes home to every body's heart; Hayne's "Martyrs," and Flash's "Jackson," "Zollicoffer" will endure as long as the history of their country does; the breaking of Cooke's illustrious and far traveled "Mug" has saddened more hearts than that of its owner, and the biting sarcasm of the "War Christian's Thanksgiving" would reach the heart of those to whom it was addressed, had not these appendages long ago experienced ossification.

The hero "who never lost a fight" will be better remembered by Thompson's "On to Richmond," than by the regular historical record of the same, while that true gentleman, and finished author has given almost too much celebrity to the runaway roué to whom he bade "Farewell!" May the station of that individual ever remain "the front, which is strangely the rear!"

A beautiful plea has been entered by Mr. Barret in behalf of his noble but ill-fated Kentucky, who never felt the loss of her glorious Clay in its full bitterness, until the dark hour when he would have shone as her guiding star.

In the necessarily circumscribed limits of this notice, it is impossible to mention even the names of numerous poems which

commend themselves not only for their beauty, but also for the subjects of which they treat, and the names which they embalm.—When we say that the "War Poetry of the South" is a book which no Southern family can do without, if it wish to preserve all that remains of our country and our cause, their immortal memories, we assert nothing that the volume does not abundantly confirm.

The book, and its Author are well entitled to the annexed lines, in which one of the Southern Women to whom the latter has paid such a beautiful tribute, has tried to return her thanks.

"THEY HAVE LOST A CAUSE, BUT THEY HAVE MADE A TRIUMPH!"

Untuned and mute upon the trees
His country's harp neglected hung;
The scattered strings he sought and strung,
Then gave their murmur to the breeze.

Melodiously it falls and floats,
Or swells in diapasons deep,
As through its chords the South winds sweep
And wake the music of its notes.

All that our country's past contains,
All that her future held in hope,
Is compassed in the silvery scope
Vibrating from those mellow strains.

They give her glorious history well,
Her triumphs and her blameless life,
Till yielding to unequal strife,
She grew the greater as she fell!

Throughout her borders wide apart
Those strains responsive chords should find,
In one vast harmony combined,—
The outburst of the Southern heart!

While Southern tongues with grateful hymns,
Appreciative praises yield,
And breathe them on the blazoned shield,
That bears the name of Gilmore Simms!

And bind fresh bays upon his brow
The symbols of his country's truth;—
He won fame's laurels in his youth,
But wears the garland grandlier now!

Long may his golden harp be seen—
Long may his hand its music strike;—
His memory, name and fame be like
His State's Palmettoes evergreen!

FANNY DOWNING.

THE HAVERSACK.

THAT "little joke" about "the insecurity of life and property" at the South is so much richer and racier than any rebel witticism perpetrated during the war, that we hesitate to present anything in competition with it.—That reverend joker Sydney Smith was certainly no mean judge of humor, and he tells us that an important element of it is *surprise*. In this view of the matter, nothing can approach the witticism referred to. We would advise that reader to go no farther, who may be so absurd as to expect to find in these annals, a single anecdote so pleasant, so novel, and so entertaining.

With this admonitory hint to "the fair and gentle reader," we open our haversack with unaffected diffidence.

Fulton, Missouri, sends us the first two anecdotes:

One dark rainy night, the 2d

or 3d after the battle of Corinth, Lieutenant Tom Green, son of our General Martin Green, (poor Tom! he was killed at Franklin; and a better or braver man never fell in defence of his country,) picked up what he thought was a round rock and *put it under the end of one of the logs of which his fire was made.* It was not a rock, but a very large *shell.* One of our Irishmen saw it after awhile, and removed it saying, "faith, Leftenant, the Praist told me that *Purgatory was full of jist sich kindlin wood as that!*"

ON the Nashville campaign of General Hood, one miserably cold, drizzling, sleety night, while we were all huddling around a camp-fire to keep from freezing to death, old man Mercer, Company E. 1st and 3d Missouri, (consolidated) made a remark that always struck me as very forcible. He raised his head, after being in a brown study for some time, and said, "I tell you what, boys, if there's any *wolf* in a man, this trip is going to make him howl!"

N. C. K.

OUR esteemed and gallant Irish friend *Charley* M. (whom the troops would call "fighting *Pat*") writes to us from Baltimore.—The anecdotes in the Haversack carry me back to the Army of Northern Virginia, and make me forget for a time that I am not with the brave boys in grey. I will give you some anecdotes and incidents, which may serve to divert the sorrows of some poor fellow, as mine have been diverted while reading the facts furnished by others.

Just after the surrender of Lee's army, Colonel Branch and myself called upon General Lee in Richmond. He met us in his usual manner and told us that he had just received a letter from one of his old soldiers. It ran thus,

"DEAR GENERAL: We have been fighting hard for four years, and now the Yankees have got us in the Libby Prison. They are treating us awful bad. The boys want you to get us out, if you can. But if you can't, just ride by the Libby, and let us see you, and give you a good cheer. We will all feel better after it."

My impression is that the soldier was a Tar-heel.

A CITIZEN, Dr. L——, well known to the Army of Northern Virginia, was passing one day on the cars between Richmond and Petersburg. He was a very small man, but he had on one of those enormous high-crowned hats, which never failed to set the boys at their pranks. The usual cries were raised, "get out of that hat," "lift up that bee-gum and give us some honey," "stranger, is that a camp-kettle on your head?" &c. The Provost, at last, came round demanding passes. An old Georgian bawled out to him, "Mister, I think that thar ar two spicious kerrickters on board this here car. I seed them crawl under that man's hat and hide themselves. I know they haint got passes."

JUST after the battle of Sharpsburg an order came round for the promotion, from the ranks, of all those, who had distinguished themselves in battle. The parties

recommended had, however, to pass an examination upon their knowledge of tactics and the rudiments of an English education. A man appeared before the Board as a candidate to fill a vacant Lieutenancy in a Florida regiment. The President, Col. S——, questioned him pretty closely, and found him very ignorant. The man getting much excited by his failure said, "I can't read nor write; I can't understand tactics; I can't swim a stroke; I have never been vaccinated, but I can whip any man in the Board; try me and you'll see that I am a good fighter anyhow."—The challenge was not accepted, and the commission as Lieutenant was not given. This occurred at General Pryor's Headquarters, near Winchester, Va. C. M.

THE LaCrosse (Wisconsin) *Democrat* is full of rich things, which every friend of his country would enjoy. It must be a bad spell of the blues, which a single number would not cure. Some of the hits are splendid, and almost come up to that practical joke at the Capital of the nation. In the issue of March 12th, Brick Pomeroy publishes General B. F. Butler's Report of operations around Petersburg, which fell into the hands of some Confederate scout. General Roger A. Pryor was, at that time, acting as a scout on his own responsibility, and as some of his adventures were very daring, he must have been the fortunate man, who captured the prize. The Petersburg *Express* first published this Report, early in February, 1864. As the present number of the Magazine contains General Beauregard's Report of the battle of Drury's Bluff, it is but fair to let our readers see the Report from the other side. We copy from the LaCrosse *Democrat:*

> May 13th—Sent Generals Gillmore and Smith to capture Drury's Bluff.—They stormed at the point of the bayonet the works abandoned by the rebels. To-morrow we will open up the navigation of the James river.
>
> May 16th—Met General Gillmore retiring with his troops to our entrenchments. He said that Beauregard had attacked him with musketry and he would not submit to it. "This," he said, "was the age of long-range artillery—musketry was a relic of barbarism; he fought with 100-pound Parrotts, on Morris Island and would not permit the rebels to force him to engage in their favorite mode of warfare." My headquarters were too distant to hear the fire of musketry; I heard the artillery, but thought it was the rebels blowing up their iron-clad vessels. We burned four more houses to-day.

It will be seen that the General's habit of *concentration* enables him to condense in a few lines that which his great antagonist could only express in eight pages.

The phrase "gone up the spout," or simply "gone up" was often used during the war by many who were ignorant of its origin. Pawnbrokerage is quite an institution in England, and thousands seek temporary relief from cold, hunger and want by pawning, for a certain amount, jewelry, clothing, furniture, &c. The valuation is, of course, below the value of the article pawned, and if the article cannot be redeemed in a certain time, it becomes the property of the pawn-broker.

Every Saturday night there is a great crowd at the house of the pawn-broker. The articles pledged are valued, labelled and put in a box. When the box is full, it is pulled up by rope and pulley

through a *spout* to the upper story. Hence with the poor of England, and more especially of London, "gone up the spout" is but another form of expression for "lost," "ruined," "past out of our control." In a similar sense, the phrase was used in our service.

A correspondent tells us of a play upon the words by one of Wheeler's cavalry after the surrender at Greensboro.

As the cavalry were wending their way homeward with dejected and downcast looks, they reached a cross-road where a signboard was nailed to a tree and rude letters carved on it, TO LIBERTY. This was the name of a little country village not far from Greensboro. One of the troopers dismounted and turned the board vertically, so that the finger pointed upwards. When asked what he did that for, he replied that as "*liberty* had gone up, the signboard ought to point in the right direction!" When will the time come for changing the sign-board?

From N. C. sources we get the next two anecdotes; and as they are somewhat personal, we suppress the names.

An officer marched up to a certain Depot some of the "Junior Reserves," "the seed corn," as Mr. Davis called them. He was very gaudily dressed, with a great deal of lace, braid, and brass fixtures about him, and with a large feather in his hat. One of Johnston's rough rebs seemed to be very much impressed with the elegance of the grand officer, and after walking around him the better to inspect all his finery, the old soldier accosted him with, "Mister, does you hold yer offis for life or for good behavior?"

One of our neighbors was very ingenious in keeping out of the army under some of the *provisions* of the Conscript Act. He raised pork *for* the army, and he raised corn, flour and potatoes *for* the army. In short, he did everything but shoulder his musket and fight *with* the army. At last, finding that the conscription would catch him, he finally *raised* a company of Home Guards. As he knew nothing about tactics, his attempts at drilling were very funny. One day, wishing his company to wheel, but becoming embarrassed, and forgetting the word of command, he cried out, "come round like a gate, boys!" He was known ever after as General Gates, of the Home Guards.

This incident will recall to many of the old soldiers of Lee's army, the command for falling into ranks that used to be given by a gallant colonel, who had been a very successful statesman, "make two rows, boys, make two rows."

An Alabama colonel, who was as good, true and brave as he was ignorant of tactics, was marching his men by the flank when a hot fire was opened upon them. Gen. Rodes dashed up and gave the order to charge. The colonel looked embarrassed, not understanding that the General, of course, intended him to first throw his men into line before making the charge. The order being again repeated, the colonel said, "General, do you mean for me to charge *endways!*"

There is scarcely any evil that has not some accompanying good. The late war exposed so many fire-eaters and spread-eagle orators that the people will not be easily duped again—at least, by the same class of grandiloquent speakers. Certain it is that long before the war closed, the soldiers looked upon a war-speech, especially if peculiarly fiery, as a rich piece of fun. They enjoyed it, but very much as they would the tricks of the mountebank, knowing that 'twas only a successful piece of charlatanry.

A friend sends us from Marianna, Florida, a practical illustration of the reception by our soldiers of a war-speech.

Looking over the incidents of the trying days, "so sad—so fresh, the days that are no more," the following, among others, of the comic-kind reminds us of the *Haversack*; and because it is a fact, as many a soldier in that fine regiment commanded by the dashing Colonel Maury, of Mobile, will readily vouch for, we are half inclined to offer it. It occurred about this wise: Owing to the absence or indisposition of the field officers, the command devolved upon the senior captain, who, by the way, is all of a clever fellow, and a good soldier. During this temporary elevation to superior command, an important order arrived, which directed a movement indicative of an engagement. The officer drew the troops in line, and with shield and buckler on, rode in superb style to the front, to address them on the nature of the move in question. He had ascended into the ascending series (on his Pegasian steed—high climbing the glorious mount) when most unexpected to every one, a vicious ass immediately in his rear, vociferated in drowning accents, which perhaps might have been endured, had not a waggish voice from the line, in clear penetrating tones, shouted, "*one at a time! one at a time!*" It was too much. The enraged officer about-faced his caparisoned steed—drew his revolver, and fired into the animal. At this juncture, the regimental line swayed to and fro like a reed in the gale. The first fire produced a wound only; but dashing in upon the persistent enemy with one of those irresistible concussive charges, he finally ended the victim with a couple other discharges, amid the waving of the colors, the hilarious shouts of the command, and a gentle flourish of trumpets.

M.

From Charleston, S. C., we get the following:

I send the Haversack two incidents, which I have had from eye-witnesses, that illustrate the heroism and devotion which was manifested in the late war by many who were lowest in rank, and from the humblest walks of life.

During a contest between the batteries on Sullivan's Island, and the iron-clad fleet in front of Charleston, a shell from the Weehawken struck the muzzle of a Columbiad in Fort Moultrie, and glancing down exploded on an ammunition chest at the side of the chamber. A terrible scene followed, the explosion communicating from one chest to another, hurling

piles of balls in every direction, filling the air with clouds of sand, fragments of timber, burning pieces of clothing, and mangled bodies. There was a moment of breathless horror as the explosion swept the right battery of the fort. Almost at the mouth of the service magazine it stayed, and when the smoke cleared away, amid the debris of shattered carriages, and torn up parapets and traverses, amid the wounded and dead, a man stood upon the lid of an ammunition chest holding it down. This man was private Shepherd, company C. 1st South Carolina Infantry.

The next incident took place at Battery Bee, also on Sullivan's Island. There was a night-attack on Fort Sumter, and the batteries opened hastily with shell and ricochet firing. The gunners at one piece, at Battery Bee, omitted to sponge the gun, and a premature discharge occurred as the cartridge was driven home.—One man at the muzzle was instantly killed, the other had his arm blown off at the shoulder.—He was borne to the hospital, and placed under the influence of chloroform while the stump of his arm was amputated. After a time, the firing ceased, and the officer in command of the company went down to the hospital. As he entered, the amputation had been performed, and the poor fellow was still lying on the surgeon's table, slowly recovering his senses. As he opened his languid eyes, he glanced for a moment at the place where his arm was wanting. Probably with it had gone his whole capital and support in life. Then he caught the countenance of the officer.—The dawning consciousness in his face deepened into earnestness, and half-turning on the table, he murmured "Lieutenant, is Fort Sumter taken?"

E. C. E.

From Berryville (Va.) we get one version of an oft-told anecdote:

On one occasion, as a portion of our Virginia cavalry was passing by some North Carolina infantry, one of our boys said, "halloo, tarheels, have you any tar left in your State?" A rough looking fellow straightened up and cooly replied, "not a single drap. Our Guvnor has sold it all to the Govern*ment* to pour on the fields, whar you cavalry have to fight to make you stick better nor you have been a doin." As we had been licked a short time before, we felt the additional tar plaster applied to our sores. M. S. T.

We get an account of a similar hit which comes to us from Hudsonville, Mississippi:

After the close of the seven days' fight around Richmond, and when Ransom's North Carolina brigade (of which I was then a member) was *en route* to Drury's Bluff from Malvern Hill, we came upon some Virginians encamped upon the Richmond and Petersburg turn-pike about two miles from Manchester. There began at once the usual running fire of wit and sarcasm between the troops of the two States. As we were approaching the Virginians, I noticed a big, burly, *dark-visaged* Lieutenant step out before

his companions, as though he was to be the champion of their side. He was of so dark a complexion as to indicate descent from Pocahontas or of some one else not belonging to the Caucasian race.—The wink was given to our "acknowledged wit" and he moved over to the side next to the Virginians. The dark-visaged Lieutenant noticed the movement and at once accosted "old Stonewall," the name by which our wag was known.

Lieutenant. "Halloo, Tarheel, did you know that Tar River was burnt up."

Stonewall. "No I did'nt, hoss, is it true?"

Lieutenant. "Oh yes, I was there and saw it burn up."

Stonewall. "Well, I am afraid it is too true, for your face looks badly smoked." G. P. T.

One of Forrest's former Captains sends us an anecdote of the great cavalry leader:

It is well known that old Bedford often played the "bluff game" very successfully upon his blue-coated antagonists. While on his memorable raid to Athens, Pulaski, and other points along the railroad, he came to a block-house held by a Dutch captain and his company from Fader-land. Morton's splendid guns could make no impression upon the block-house. So old Beford hoisted a flag of truce and went in person to the Dutch captain and demanded his surrender. "I no do dats," stoutly replied the Dutchman.—"Very well," said old Bedford, "I'll burn you out with Greek fire." Saying this, he took out a bottle of phosphorus and threw it against a stump. The bottle broke and exposing the contents to the air, the stump was soon in a blaze. The frightened Captain took time by the fore-lock and cried out. "I surrenders my company mit you." J. L. L.

Tuscumbia, Ala.

A friend tells us that a Dutchman, captured in the Valley of Virginia, being asked to what Corps he belonged, replied "me fights mit Seigel and me runs mit Banks." We hope that the worthy Dutchman is not now running in the same leash with the Great Commissary.

Our kind friend, T. H. B. M. of Lubeck, West Virginia, sends us the next two anecdotes, the first of which is as creditable to the generosity of the enemy, as it is to the gallantry of Lt. Pate. The truly brave always honor an unusual exhibition of pluck. We have known several instances of soldiers refusing to fire upon a very daring enemy.

In the withdrawal of our troops from Maryland, '63, our regiment, 17th Virginia cavalry, was in rear. Lt. O. K. Pate, Cadet, V. M. I., doing duty with our regiment, remained on the Maryland side until the regiment had passed midway the stream, and was pursued by some federal cavalry, who reached the bank nearly as soon as Pate reached the water.—They sent a volley of balls after him, but to the amazement of all not a ball took effect. Pate turned in his saddle and waved a salute at the astounded party. Not another shot was fired. He was allowed to pass over and join his

regiment, much to the astonishment of all.

Col. McC. (afterwards General) had a private detailed to do some work about his quarters; the detail came with ax as directed.—Col. M. pointed out what should be done—detail seemed to make a close examination of the task, and inquired, doubtfully, "Can *one man* do it?" Col M. answered him that one man could. "*Well, then*," said detail, shouldering his ax, "*I'll go back to camp*," and did so, leaving the Col. under the impression, that *his* physical abilities were not questioned.

From Columbus, Ga., we get our next anecdote:

A soldier of the 10th Georgia regiment was court-martialed for what he called "playing quartermaster," that is, for taking things without paying for them. His punishment, among other things, consisted in marking time for an hour each day on the head of a barrel. While he was thus engaged one day, a comrade passed by and accosted him with, "Joe, what are you marking time there for?" Joe answered as well as the difficulty of keeping his balance would allow, "don't know, 'zackly, believe its some foolishness about some chickens."

Comrade. "Well they have got no right to make you do that kind of a thing. There's no law for it."

Joe. "Don't care whether there's any law for it or not, I'se a doin' it!"

Poor Joe! he has many sympathizers. Law or no law, we'se a doin' it.

An ex-chaplain sends from Lexington (Va.) the following anecdotes:

Our noble old Commander-in-Chief was always so occupied with his many cares and responsibilities, that he had but little time during the war, for social intercourse, and yet he very much enjoyed a quiet joke.

Witness the following: Upon one occasion, while inspecting the lines near Petersburg, with several General officers, he asked General ——— if a certain work which he had directed him to complete as soon as possible, had been finished. General ——— looked rather confused, but answered that it was. General Lee at once proposed to ride in that direction. On getting to the place, it was found that no progress had been made on the work, since General Lee was last there. General ——— at once apologized and said that he had not been on that part of the line for some time, but that Captain ——— had told him that the work was completed. General Lee made no reply at the moment, but not long after begun to compliment General ——— on the splendid horse he rode. "Yes sir," replied General ———, "he is a very fine animal—he belongs to my wife." "A remarkably fine horse," returned General Lee, "but not a safe one for Mrs. ———. He is too mettlesome by far, and you ought to take the mettle out of him before you permit her to ride him. And let me suggest, General ——— that an admirable way of doing that is *to ride him a good deal along these trenches.*"—The face of the gallant General

—— turned crimson; General Lee's eyes twinkled with mischief, no further allusion was made to the matter, but General —— *adopted the suggestion.*

Late one night, General Lee had occasion to go into a tent where several officers were sitting around a table, on which was *a stone jug and two tin cups*, busily engaged in the discussion of a mathematical problem. The General obtained the information he desired, gave a solution of the problem and retired—the officers hoping that he had not noticed the jug. The next day one of these officers, in presence of the others, related to General Lee a very strange dream he had had the night before. "That is not at all surprising," replied the General, "when young gentlemen discuss at midnight, mathematical problems, the unknown quantities of which are a stone jug and two tin cups, they may expect to have strange dreams." J. W. J.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

"March," says the proverb, "comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb," but as applied to the March of '67, the proverb seems like to prove but a half truth. Its exit, by all appearances, will be as lion-like as its entry. There have been no less than four snow-storms here in the course of the month, and the streets of the city have been in a condition formidable alike to pedestrians and vehicles. Carts, trucks and wagons stuck fast in huge holes in the cross-streets, and blocking the way to a long line of other such vehicles, have been of no uncommon occurrence. Of all these cross-streets, Fulton is probably the most crowded. At the point of its junction with Broadway, so great is the jam of vehicles and the transverse streams of foot-passengers, that it has been found necessary to erect a *bridge* over the great thoroughfare for the accommodation of the latter. How far this will meet the necessities of the case, it is impossible to say until its completion. *Some* means of relieving Broadway, at almost any cost, is anxiously canvassed by the public here; especially as it is thought that the new Post-Office—the present one on Pine is a disgrace to a great metropolis—will be built on this street. I know no better remedy, by-the-way, for provincial egotism than a walk in the famous thoroughfare which is the boast of this continent. The traveler who lands at the Battery, indeed, where the Fort of New Amsterdam once stood, will be little struck at first either with the crowds on the sidewalk or the magnificence of the buildings. But the scene becomes gayer and more animated as he advances. Men of every name and nation jostle each other in the double tide that streams

back and forth, and palaces begin to rise on either hand. Yonder is the Bowling Green, where the Liberty boys pulled down the statue of King George, and here on the right is the famous Wall Street, where millionaires and speculators most do congregate. Further on is the Astor House, the first of the large Hotels in Broadway, and on the right, near the Court House, rise the marble walls of Stewart's retail establishment. Perhaps a mile further yet, at the widest portion of the Island, are the splendid Hotels, the Metropolitan and St. Nicholas, and close by the most noted places of amusement. As a rule the crowd is densest between Washington and Fulton streets, on which are the two great markets of those names. Change and progress are everywhere. The most striking of the few old landmarks that remain, looks out at you from between the iron railings of Trinity Churchyard, where, in the very midst of all this busy life, the half-defaced inscriptions on the tombstones carry you back to the days of '76. Were an octogenarian, who had passed his early life in New York, to visit the scenes of his youth, in the midst of the unfamiliar world around him, it would be here that he would be most likely to linger —in the one remembered spot,

> "Where the mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom.
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb."

But wonderful as are the changes which have taken place in Broadway within the memory of men still living, it is probable that fifty years more will witness changes still more surprising: and in this connection I wish to give you some account of a new species of light which will doubtless, after a time, be used for lighting up this magnificent street —certainly a wonderful invention, though, hitherto, it has attracted little general notice. The inventor is a Mr. Wilde of Liverpool, and a complete machine, made under his directions, is expected to be on exhibition soon in this city. Of course, I can attempt no detailed history of the discovery or explanation of its philosophy; but in a general way, it may be said that the light is electric and that the discoverer has found a method of producing electricity in quantities and of an intensity hitherto unknown, "by the use of feeble electrical currents upon powerful magnets." The effects are truly astonishing. The light produced rivals the dazzling luminosity of the sun. "At the distance of a quarter of a mile, it throws shadows from the flames of street lamps upon a wall." "It beats the sun at taking photographs. In twenty seconds it darkens sensitized paper, held at a distance of two feet from the light, as effectually as one minute of full, noonday sunshine." This actinic property renders it specially valuable to photographers, two of whom in England are already applying it to the practical purposes of their art. Twelve such lights, it is estimated, would illuminate Broadway from the Battery to Fourteenth Street, with a light so powerful that print could easily be read by it at the distance of a quar-

ter of a mile. The expense, it is said would be less than for gas-lights, for the same distance. Another novelty in this country—though not a very recent invention—is likewise a good deal talked of here at this time. The daily increasing importance of easy and quick transportation between New York and Brooklyn and back, has led to many different proposals to meet a need so much felt by the public. Perhaps the one most in favor is the proposition to construct an underground "Pneumatic Railway" between the two cities; of which the motive power, as the name implies, is to be the pressure of the atmosphere at one end, driving the train through a tunnel exhausted of air. The experiment, I learn, has been tried successfully in England.

Since their repeated "fiascos," most people, I imagine, are heartily sick of the subject of the Fenians. They refuse to be ignored here, however, and it is impossible for a general news-letter always to pass them over in silence.

Last Monday, the Brotherhood celebrated St. Patrick's day, which fell this year on Sunday, and in numbers at least, showed quite a formidable organization. On Court House square the flag of the Emerald Isle floated alongside the stars and stripes, and the shamrock, "the green, immortal shamrock" was sported by not a few well-dressed and well-looking men. A grand procession paraded in Broadway, and the inevitable dinner, at Delmonico's, was the scene of the usual number of daring toasts. Of course the day did not pass off without "a row," in which a poor carter and some dozen or more policemen were well nigh cut and beaten to death by a crowd of assailants.

Of the many places throughout the country that have lately suffered from flood or fire, New York has not been the least severely visited. Almost as I write, the smoking ruins of the Winter Gardens Theatre, on Broadway, tell the tale of a fresh disaster.—The fire when first discovered had made but little headway, and a couple of buckets of water, at that time, would have quenched it. By one of those accidents, however, in which devout people see the finger of Providence, there was no water on the premises, and when water was brought, it was too late to save the building.—The tragedian Booth, brother to Booth the assassin, is reported to have lost $75,000 by the casualty. A neighboring building, the Southern Hotel, was saved with difficulty by the exertions of the firemen, and has sustained considerable damage from the flood of water poured into and upon it from the engines.

I take pleasure in closing this letter with a mention of the fact that there is, in this community, a wide-spread feeling of sympathy for the present destitution in the South. Many contributions have already been made for the relief of the sufferers, and benevolent men and women have not at all relaxed their efforts in behalf of their fellow countrymen who are crying to them for bread. Heaven speed the day when a returning sense of justice and the charity which suffereth long, and is kind, shall once more unite us in a happy, free, and equal sisterhood of States.

EDITORIAL.

NOTHING has gratified us more, for a long time, than the address of General Hampton to the Freedmen at Columbia. It is kind, courteous and conciliating: while it is frank, manly, and independent. There is none of the hypocritical cant of having "always believed slavery to be a sin, and being glad because of its abolition." This is simply the language of the demagogue. The freedman will not be deceived by it. The thought must arise in his mind that a man, so believing, could have freed his slaves, and thereby have cleared his own skirts from the stain. There was a large portion of our people, who believed that slavery was a drawback to our material prosperity, and to the full development of our resources. But there were few indeed, who did not think that the sudden freedom of the negroes would not be of incalculable damage to them.

Nor does General Hampton profess that he is glad at the prospect of universal suffrage. A profound thinker, like him, perceives that the elective franchise is a solemn trust to be confided to uneducated men, with untrained and undisciplined minds.—The unprincipled demagogue, who is loudest in his professions of attachment to them, will make them his dupes and his victims. All this, the General knows, and he raises a voice of warning against that dangerous class of base, bad men.

General Hampton's address was promptly endorsed by General A. R. Wright, of the Augusta (Geo.) *Chronicle and Sentinel.*

So far as we have been able to ascertain, every Southern newspaper edited by a Confederate soldier, has followed the lead of these distinguished officers. The prominent idea held out by Generals Hampton and Wright, is that the freedmen is to *be trained to feel that he is a Southern man*, indentified with the South in its interests, its trials, and its sufferings. He is to be taught to feel that he is no alien upon the soil, but that this is his country and his *home.*

We think that it doos not require much education for the negro to learn that while every pound of cotton, which he raises, pays a tax, "the man and brother" from New England gets a bounty for every fish which *he* catches, as well as payment for the fish itself. It will not require much education for the negro to learn, that a tax upon industry always falls most heavily upon the laborer. He will soon learn that while the philanthropists are so much concerned to procure homesteads for the unfortunate freedmen, that they have taken, this year, by this cotton tax, twenty-four millions of dollars from the South. If these benevolent gentlemen would combine the proceeds from the cotton tax and the fishing bounty, there would be enough to purchase a farm for every freedman in the entire South, who is the

head of a family. We believe that the negro will learn these truths very rapidly, and that he will have no faith in those tender professions of love for him, which are exercised in increasing the poverty of the desolated country to which he belongs.

The freedman will be a democrat, and will assuredly vote against all class legislation, all tariffs, and all bounties, whether to communities or to individuals.

The Southern white man is the natural, as he is the best and truest friend of the negro. The two races may live together in peace and harmony, feeling their mutual dependence, and blessing one another: if bad feeling is not stirred up by our demagogues, in conjunction with the pious missionaries, who are roaming over the country, taking from the negroes their little money and giving them in exchange—their photograms. At any rate, it is the duty of those, who have the superior education and mental culture, to set an example of fair dealing, moderation, forbearance, and kindness. The disfranchised class have no political aspirations, and no lamentations over their situation. There is not one of them, who is not willing to have as a ruler, an original union man of principle and integrity, such as Moore, of North Carolina, Perry, of South Carolina, Jenkins, of Georgia, and Sharkey, of Mississippi. But we fear that we may get an old fire-eater newly dressed up in the star-spangled banner, with an eagle feather in his hat, who says Yankee-doodle as a grace before meat, and Hail Columbia as a thanksgiving after it. Better a military ruler for a century, than a single term of such a man! The military ruler has no partisans to reward, and no enmities to gratify. The fair presumption is that he will be just and impartial, having no controlling motive but a sense of duty. There is not one of the five Districts in so unhappy a condition to-day, as is Tennessee *in the Union*.

It becomes then the imperative duty of voters to choose true men, not turn-coats and weather-cocks, men whose consistent unionism will be satisfactory to the dominant party. Such men as governors, representatives and legislators will not be intent upon personal aggrandizement and building up a party, but will strive earnestly to promote the happiness and prosperity of their sorely disturbed, perplexed, and impoverished country.

If the poet (?) who sends his contribution to a periodical, would reflect that possibly others too may feel the divine *afflatus* and ring the musical chimes also; much trouble would be saved to both author and editor. But the kindness in sending the contribution is *almost* counterbalanced, when the author writes a second letter requesting for the sake of euphony, the preposition "with" in the 3d line of the 42d canto be changed into "by;" and then sends a third letter asking what has become of his poem; and follows that up with a fourth, indignantly demanding its return.—The plain common sense view of

the matter would seem to be, that if the poem is good, 'tis to the interest of the editor himself to publish it: and if 'tis not good, the less correspondence the better, between poet and editor. Now we happen to know something of the perplexities of one of the latter class. He has told us confidentially that he has a great deal of excellent poetry on hand, which he hopes to publish some time, if the writers do not become too impatient. But that he has a bushel, three pecks and one quart of the "so-called," about which, he hopes no correspondence will take place. In answer to our inquiry, he said, that he had used *dry* measure in computation; because there was not *flow* enough about the aforesaid verses to permit him to use *liquid* measure.

THE *Methodist* of New York says that he regrets to perceive that the land loved by the Editor of this Magazine is not the whole United States, but only a rather troublesome section of it. Our contemporary wrote a kind letter, proposing an exchange, and we cordially accepted his offer. We candidly confess that we have a great liking for our Methodist brethren. They made such splendid rebel soldiers! Why, a rebel Methodist had no more fear in him than a wild Irishman from Tipperary. From this attack upon us, we judge that the Northern Methodists belong also to the Church *militant*. However, as opening fire under flag of truce, was so universally reprobated by both sides, we rather incline to think that our worthy brother belonged to the "home guards," and not to the army in the field.

A lady, who had written a really valuable book, once told us that an unfavorable criticism of her book would be more acceptable, than the usual stereotyped phrases of commendation, which proved that the critic had not even cut the pages of the book, he professed to review.

It is plain to us that our excellent contemporary had not read our Magazine. For although we are exceedingly national, yet we are not aware of manifesting any special partiality for Massachusetts; so that we cannot be justly accused of unduly loving "the troublesome section of the United States." Probably, we can best explain our position to our worthy brother by "a little anecdote."

On the banks of the Hudson there used to be a Military Academy, and it may be there yet for aught we know. (For some years, we were debarred the privilege of visiting that section, and don't know what changes may have taken place.) In that Academy there was a French Professor, Monsieur M——, as much distinguished for his irritability as for his learning. One of his pupils was a certain Jack Foster, whose cool, imperturbable effrontery was unsurpassed and unsurpassable. On one occasion, Jack's exercise in French, written on the black-board, was a rare medley of bad English, worse Latin, and worst French. Monsieur M—— looked at the black-board, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, (as he always did when angry,) ope n-

ed his eyes and roared out in a voice like a Bengal tiger, "Mister Foster, dat ish not French, tish not Latin, tish not English; sacré, diable, what ish dat?"—Jack examined his writing very leisurely, and then calmly and sweetly said, "Oh, I perceive that I have written in Latin instead of in French; being very familiar with both languages, I sometimes confound one with the other.—Excuse me, Monsieur M——, my intentions are the best in the world!" So, good brother, we say, having been equally familiar with rebellious and with loyal sentiments, we sometimes confound the one with the other.—But our intentions are the best in the world.

Moreover, we are getting old and we have been afflicted with rheumatism a long time; which affliction, rebel campaigning for four years did not much improve. We have not, therefore, the astonishing activity of some of our friends in Dixie, and cannot, then make such neat somersaults as they, nor can we play supple-jacks so well. Our old leaders in secession, our fire-eaters, our Yankee-haters have thrown a somersault, and are now "loyal-leaguers and persecuted Union men."—Our old negro-traders, that despised class of "dealers in flesh and blood" have become philanthropists and friends of "the man and brother." The most cruel and tyrannical masters are those, who have always regarded slavery as a sin and wished for its abolition. The Sherman-Bill has developed as much activity in taking the back track, as did Bill Sherman when he was sweeping through Georgia and the two Carolinas.

Owing to the rheumatism aforesaid, we move along slowly and painfully, but "with the best intentions in the world"—wondering all the while at the agility of our more supple neighbors. There is no use for any Circus to come South. We have men so agile that the most expert man in the ring would feel ashamed of his clumsy attempts at "ground and lofty tumbling," after witnessing their wonderful performances.—One of the things, which we are too stiff and too rheumatic to do, is to toss a somersault and turn our back on this dear old land, which gave us birth.

We will tell our esteemed contemporary what the "loyal North" used to think of renegades, aye and what the really noble men and women there think of them yet. When John Adams went to England, after *our* independence had been gained, George III. jested with him one day upon his being under French influence.—His noble reply was, "I must avow to your Majesty that *I have no attachment, but to my own country.*" The King answered quickly, "*an honest man will never have any other.*" It is well known that the great painter, Benjamin West, of Pennsylvania, went to England before the American rebellion. The kind patronage of the King and his business relations induced him to remain in London, after the war broke out. One day, some Courtiers who were jealous of West's influence with the King, spoke of a

defeat of the Americans, while West was in the royal presence, hoping that his sorrow thereat would offend the monarch. West perceiving their object, said frankly to George, "I am a loyal and grateful subject to my King: but I can never rejoice at any misfortunes, which befall my native land." The King cordially replied, "a noble answer, Mr. West, and *I assure you that no man will ever fall, in my estimation, because he loves his native land.*" A kingly speech worthy of the monarch of a great nation! We are not so sectional as our worthy contemporary thinks.—For we believe that there are millions of men in the loyal North, who respond to the grand sentiment of George III.: and who have as much respect for the Southerner, who stands in his lot prepared to share the fate of his people, as they have contempt for these mountebanks, who, through fear of confiscation or greed of office, are stultifiying themselves by insincere declarations and dishonest professions.

The St. Louis (Mo.) Southern Relief Association contributed $10,000 for the relief of the destitute in North Carolina. This has been distributed at points selected by Ex-Governor Vance and to parties named by him.

The Governor and the Editor, recipients of this bounty, take this occasion, in the name of the suffering, to return their thanks to the generous donors. The relief it has afforded, is, doubtless, considerable, and many a prayer of thankfulness and praise will go up from our destitute homes, in behalf of those who have thus made charity doubly noble by accompanying it with those assurances of blessed sympathy, which strip misfortune of half its terrors and render calamity endurable.

We learn from a private letter from Boston, Massachusetts, under date of April 2d, that up to that time, there had been contributed, in that city, $35,638 for the relief of the destitute in the South. This is nearly one-fourth of the entire amount raised in St. Louis for the same object.

We are truly glad to note this generous donation from Boston. It will bring relief to many a suffering household. But we are sorry that in the meetings at which these funds were raised, many things were said, which were as false, as they were harsh and unfeeling. We would commend to the notice of these slanderers what St. Paul says. "*And though I bestow all my goods to the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned and *have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.*"

The Monthly Circular, for April, of Norton, Slaughter & Co., estimates the cotton crop for the year ending September 1867, at 1,800,000 bales. The general estimate, however, is 2,000,000. At the latter figures, the cotton tax will amount to $24,000,000. This comes out of the South, and bears specially hard upon the laborers of the South. It would be a noble thing for the philanthropists of Boston, to exert themselves to

procure the abolition of this tax, and to divide the proceeds resulting from it, among those who are suffering for bread. If this is followed up by earnest efforts for the repeal of bounties, tariffs, &c., we will believe that the humanitarianism of Boston is not a myth.

Though we are opposed to fiction, and especially to serial stories, we yield to the public taste in such matters, and will begin in our next issue, a story of Maryland life before the war, which will run through the volume. Our present number contains the first of a series of sketches of travel in Great Britain, by John R. Thompson, the eminent Poet, so long the able Editor of the *Literary Messenger*. The Spanish sketches, by Mr. Barringer, which have been so favorably received, will extend through this volume. We have also Italian sketches, by a distinguished scholar and statesman, which will appear during the year.

A Paris correspondent has been engaged to give the most interesting features of the Exposition, or World's Fair, and especially, the facts most interesting to agriculturists.

In Agriculture, we will diversify the essays of our most scientific Professors in Colleges, with those of the best practical planters.

Sketches of homesteads and remarkable localities, and biographies of men eminent in letters and arms, will have a prominent place in the Monthly.

The military character will still be preserved, and the rank and file are earnestly invited to continue their contributions.

BOOK NOTICES.

INGEMISCO, By FADETTE. New York, Blelock & Co., 1867.

We feel a special interest in this book since 'tis written by a young lady, who, on the mother's side, has in her veins the noblest Revolutionary blood of Delaware, and who, on her father's side, is allied to an equally honorable ancestry in South Carolina. It is right that the descendants of those, who won the country for us, should have a controlling influence upon the public mind, when that influence is pure and good.

We give below an extract as a specimen of the tone and style of the fair author. Page 109.

"The sunset glow is in the air, and its glory rests upon the Righi. Solitude remained below, in the woodland recesses. Here is a motley multitude assembled. In the background, with the indispensable accompaniments of stables, stable-boys, din and bustle, stands the inn, about the doors and balconies of which lounge guides variously engaged in eating, drinking, smoking, and gossiping, while from a window in marvelous proximity to the pointed, over-hanging roof, leans a bonny maiden, carrying on, as she airs her blankets and her linen, a stealthy flirtation with a gallant below, who sports the black leather small-clothes and white stockings, the scarlet vest and long blue open jacket, of Schwyz. In the fore-ground are groups of every

description and of almost every country. Here a Russian princess with her noble retinue discourses in astounding consonants. There a knot of German students in gay pedestrian garb, personating in appearance every phase of character, from the fierce bandit Don Whiskerado to the fair-haired, mild-eyed poet or musician. A Tyrolese peddler, chamois-booted, his grave, clear-cut features looking national beneath the shade of the national black-cock plume, displays his wealth of beauty to a circle of admiring country-people. Here a family of English exclusives, in the well-to-do, over-dressed shopkeeper style, upon the approach of our party turn the significant shoulder. Here, there, and everywhere, the ubiquitous Yankee, "doing" the Alps, striding about, a very lord of creation, ejecting his tobacco-juice and his opinions with the same determination, equally careless whether in or out of place, and not to be daunted by the repeated rebuffs of the English exclusives, whom he leaves at last with the query, addressed with insinuating politeness to the red-headed dandy of the party:

"I say, stranger, did you have any kin-folks mixed up in the Revolution? Because in our picture of the battle of Lexington up to hum, there's a red-coat a streaking it before our bayonets, the living image of your grandfather."

Upon which information concerning the family tree, the dandy discontinues his employment of switching at the turf blossoms with his cane, raises his head and stares in astonishment through a piece of glass stuck in his eye, then saunters contemptuously away."

———o———

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In the beginning of the war I conceived the design of collecting and preserving the various War Poems, which (born of the excited state of the public mind,) then inundated our newspapers.

Traveling since the war through many portions of the South, I have heard every where the wish expressed that these Poems should be collected and published in a form so cheap as to be accessible to all. This desire I have endeavored to fulfil.

Besides a "Memorial" volume, to preserve these "songs," expressive of the hopes and triumphs and sorrows of a "lost cause," I have another design—TO AID BY ITS SALE THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF OUR DESOLATE LAND; TO FIT A CERTAIN NUMBER FOR TEACHERS, that they may take to their homes and spread amongst the different Southern States the knowledge of those accomplishments which else may be denied them.

I appeal to all good people to aid me in this effort to provide for the women of the South, (the future mothers of the country,) the timely boon of education. Many of these children are the orphans of soldiers, from whom they have inherited nothing but an honorable name, and the last hours of more than one of whom I was enabled to soothe by the promise that I would do something for the little ones they left behind them. That promise, I trust, this humble effort may enable me in part to redeem. E. V. M.

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Miss Mason's Orphan School is in successful operation. She has six pupils from North Carolina, who are being educated out of the proceeds of this book. We wish it the success which it so richly deserves.

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